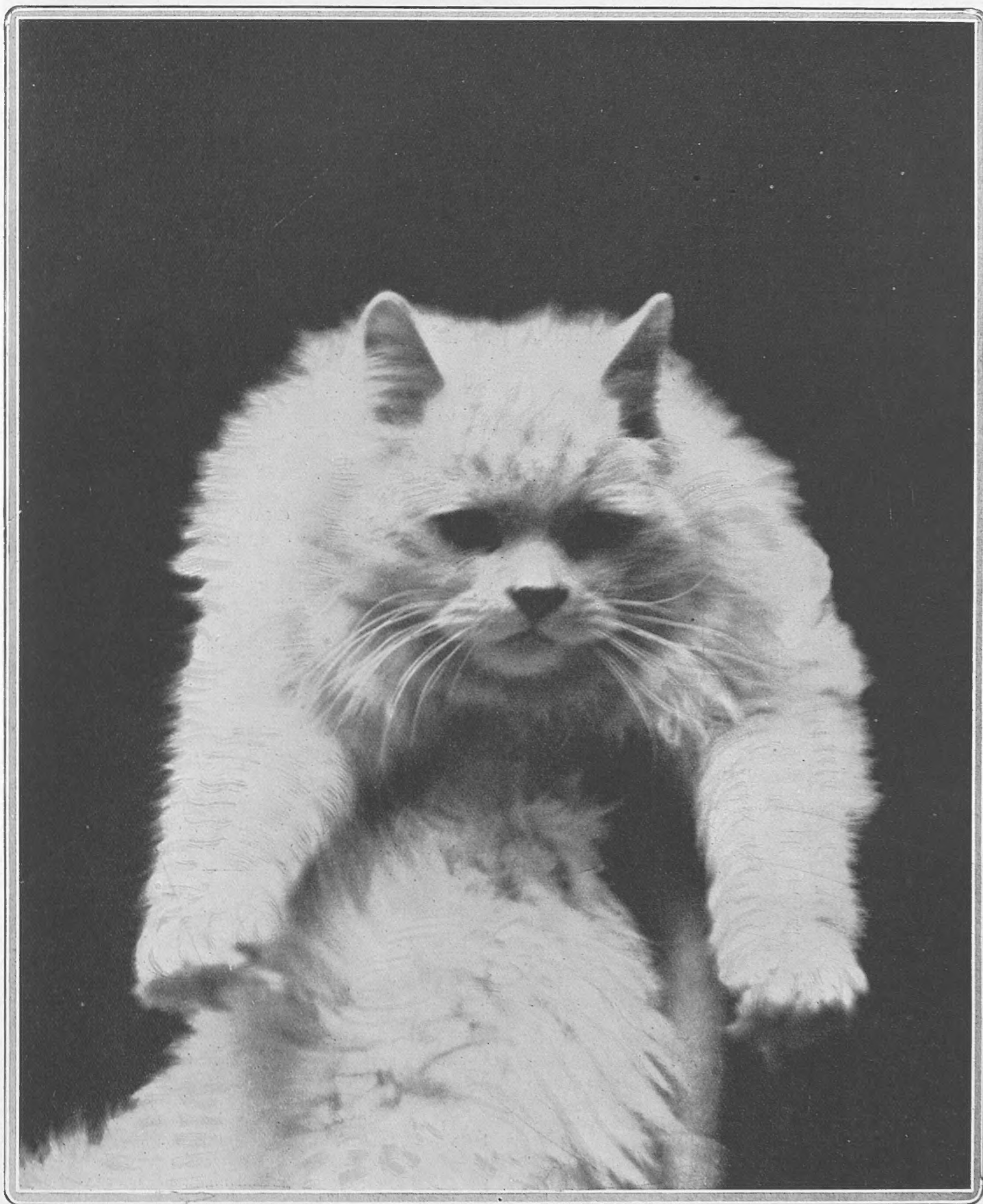


# The Sketch

No. 986.—Vol. LXXVI.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1911.

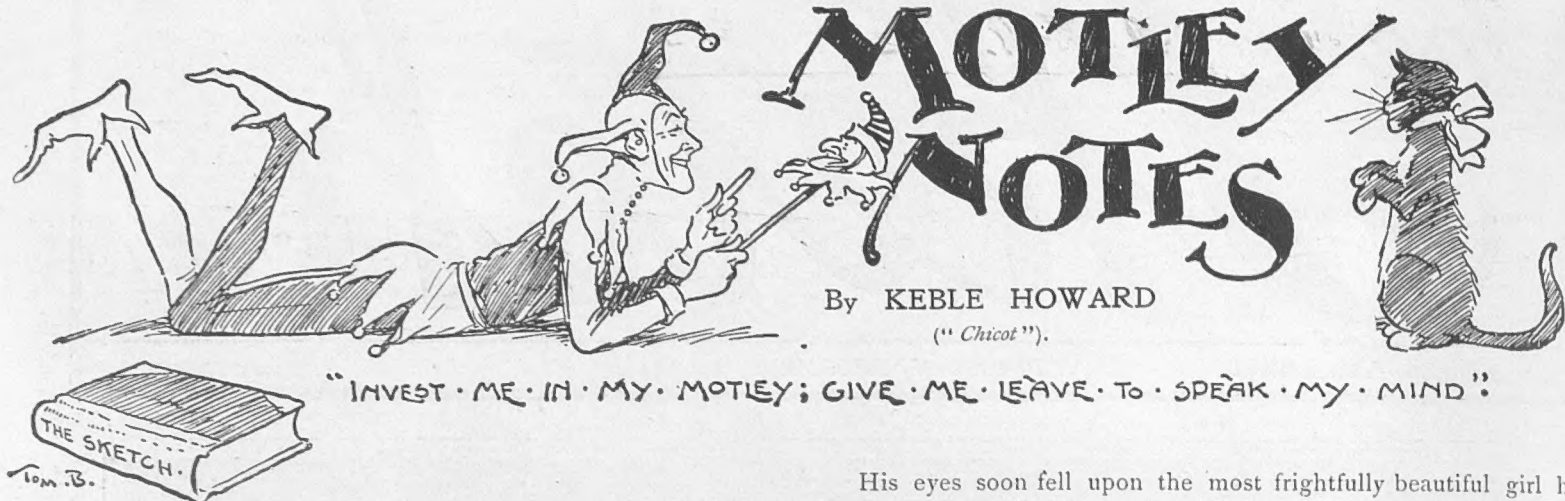
SIXPENCE.



HELD UP FOR HOMAGE! RICHARD OF MINLEY: A PRIZE-WINNING WHITE KITTEN  
AT THE NATIONAL CAT CLUB'S SHOW, AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

The National Cat Club Show, the twenty-fifth of its kind, opened at the Crystal Palace on Dec. 12. Richard of Minley, exhibited by Master Bertram Currie in the class for white long-haired kittens, was bred by the Hon. Mrs. Behrens, was born in June of this year, and is by Merry Andrew—Champion Swinton Pansy.

*Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.*



"INVEST · ME · IN · MY · MOTLEY; GIVE · ME · LEAVE · TO · SPEAK · MY · MIND"

BY LOVE ALONE!  
A CHRISTMAS STORY.

CHAPTER I.  
DESPAIR!

ARCHIE DE HELIOTROPE ECCLES, the handsomest man of his year at Oxford College, was down upon his luck. He had quarrelled with his wealthy uncle and sole surviving relative, the Earl of Heliotrope, who instantly, like a knife, had cut him off.

Archie had stridden out of the house just as he was. He would not wait to don hat or overcoat. Even his umbrella had remained in the stand. That was just like the pride of the Heliotropes, who had come over with William the Conqueror and pitched the return halves of their tickets into the Channel.

CHAPTER II.  
A RAY OF HOPE.

We find Archie reading a halfpenny paper, lent to him by the good-hearted little maid-of-all-work at the grimy London lodging-house.

"It ain't much as I can do fer the likes of a gent like you," she had faltered, "but I *can* lend yer the *Mirror*!"

"Thank you," murmured Archie, swallowing a sob—the only food he had touched that day. He turned to lay a fatherly hand on the little maid's head, but she had gone to take in the milk.

Recovering himself with an effort, he carried the paper to the window of his attic, and began to look at the pictures. Suddenly his eye fell upon these words—

WANTED, well-dressed, well-educated, lively, amusing young man to be the life and soul of a Christmas house-party in the country. Liberal pay to right person. Apply, etc.

A moment later he was flying down the stairs. It was the work of an instant to snatch a hat that fitted him from the hat-stand in the hall. There were no gloves about, but that could not be helped. He was shorn for threepence, shaved for twopence, and trundled to the office for a penny. Thus was his entire capital quite exhausted. It had always been rather tired.

CHAPTER III.  
A DESPERATE ADVENTURE!

"What is your name?" asked Mrs. Bung-Jones, inspecting Archie so narrowly that her lorgnette touched his nose.

"Brown" he replied readily.

"That will not do at all," was the haughty answer. "You will have to pose as an ordinary guest, and we should not invite anybody called 'Brown.' I shall call you 'Mr. Brownlow.' Are you amusing?"

"Very—except at breakfast."

"You had better breakfast in your own room, and remain there until you feel jolly. Please let me have a sample of your high spirits."

"Have you such a thing as a ten-pound note about you?"

Mrs. Bung-Jones handed one over, and Archie jumped for joy.

"That will do," said the lady. "Let us start at once for the 'All.'"

CHAPTER IV.

LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT.

The house-party was assembled in the hall for tea. Archie saw in a flash that they were very smart people. The women were playing pitch-and-toss with the cucumber-sandwiches, and the men were all over mud. Luckily, they were not his own set.

By KEBLE HOWARD  
(“Chicot”).

His eyes soon fell upon the most frightfully beautiful girl he had ever seen. Her name was Millicent Hortensia, and she was the Bung-Jones's only daughter. All the men, including the married ones, each of whom had been divorced about seven times, were hoping to marry her. But she had eyes for Archie alone. She took them off him once only during the entire evening, and that was when she ran into the butler.

CHAPTER V.  
A CLEVER RUSE.

Whilst dinner was in progress, Mrs. Bung-Jones sent several hurriedly pencilled notes to Archie. The first said—

You can begin as soon as you like

The second said—

Please begin to be amusing at once.

The third said—

Kindly set the table in a roar this minute!

The fourth said—

You are a cheat! I am sending for the police!

In sheer despair, he gave his well-known imitation of a duck. This set the party at its ease, but nobody understood the inner meaning of the sounds except Millicent. She responded instantly. Her eyes swam across the table.

CHAPTER VI.

A WORD TO RHYME WITH "STARLING."

After dinner, Archie suggested charades. He and Miss Bung-Jones would retire to the conservatory and think of a word.

When they had been gone twenty minutes, Mrs. Bung-Jones sent a footman to inquire whether they had thought. The footman, returning, informed his mistress that they had chosen a word to rhyme with "starling."

The women promptly looked like cats. The men, who had been looking like dogs, merely sickened.

Another twenty minutes elapsed, and a further footman was then despatched to say that Mrs. Bung-Jones would prefer to play at something else. The further footman, returning, stated gravely that Miss Millicent and Mr. Brownlow had left for London in Mr. Bung-Jones's fourteen-hundred-guinea car.

A faint crash, about a mile off, confirmed the intelligence. They had driven through the lodge-gates.

CHAPTER VII.

A SURPRISE FOR FATHER!

Mr. Bung-Jones, pausing only to gulp down a bottle or two of champagne, flung the hall-mat about his shoulders and gave chase in the second-best car. (Twelve hundred guineas.) He overtook the fugitives at the Band o' Glory Inn.

Archie and the landlord were playing bezique. The landlord, having almost got a sequence, was flushed and terse.

"Where is my daughter?" shouted Mr. Bung-Jones.

"In bed," said the landlord. "Your lead, my Lord."

"What did I hear?" gasped the astonished father.

Archie threw him a look of infinite scorn. "My uncle, Lord Heliotrope," he drawled, "died this morning. I received a wire whilst we were in the conservatory. I inherit the title and all his wealth. I shall play bezique all night, and marry your daughter in the morning *if*—"

He paused, drew a card from the pack, and flung it on the table.

"If what, my Lord?" screamed the agonised father. "*If what?*"

The Christmas bells came pealing across the snow. The landlord drew an ace.

(For further instalments of this fascinating story see "Dainty Dreams.")



## UGLY - DOCTORING : BEAUTY MADE UNBEAUTIFUL !

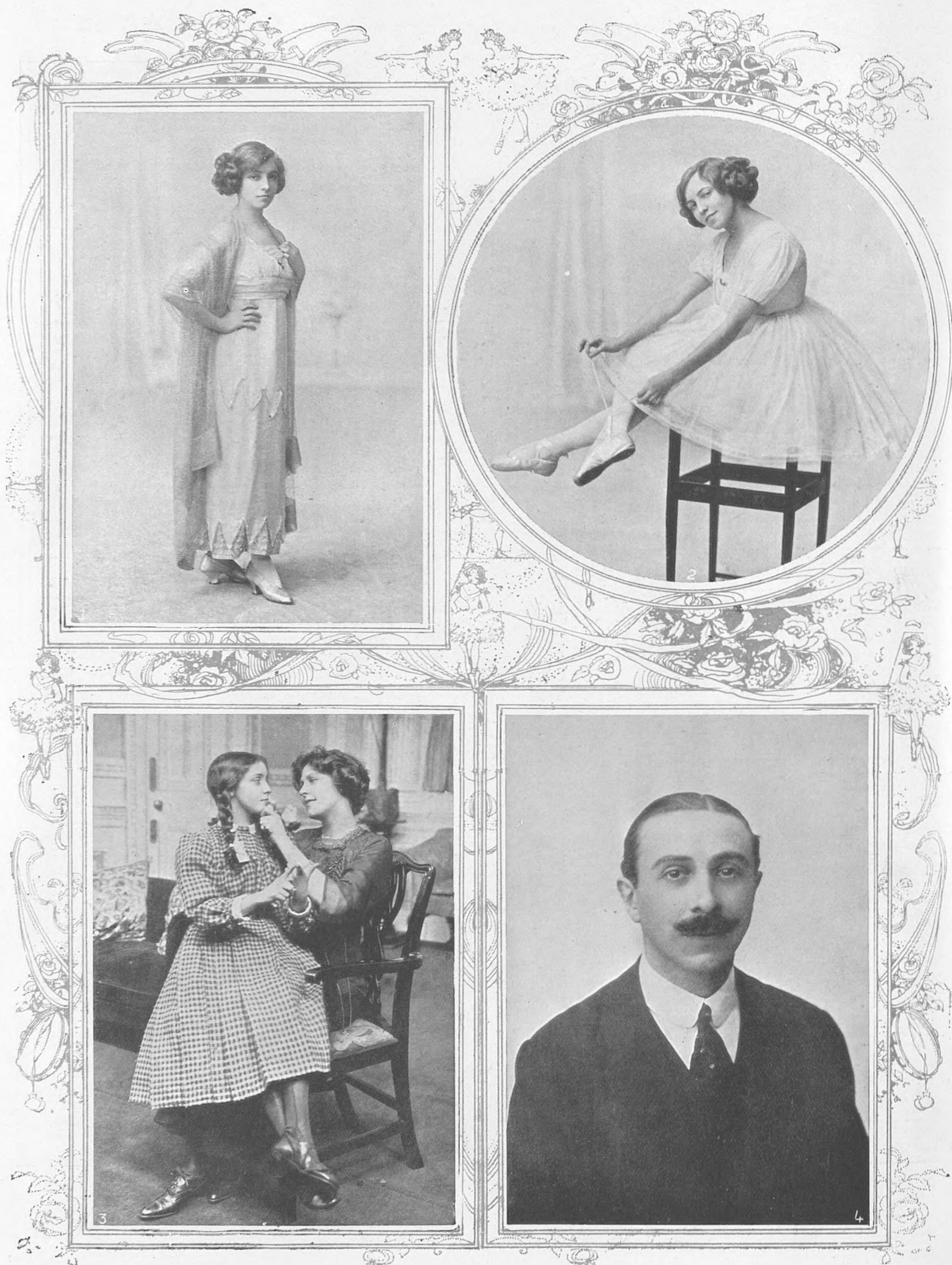


THE BEST "LAIDE" SCHEMES : THREE CHARMING FRENCH ACTRESSES IN REAL LIFE  
AND IN REMARKABLE MAKE - UPS.

It is the object of every beautiful woman to retain her beauty, with or without the aid of the beauty-doctor, and for the less beautiful woman to do all that she can to become more beautiful. Yet there are occasions when charms have to be sacrificed temporarily for art's sake: witness these photographs of the three delightful Parisian actresses Mlles. Bovy, Mistinguette, and Lysès. On the left, Mlle. Bovy is seen as she is in life and as she appears made-up as Donatienne in "Primerose." On the right, at the top, is Mlle. Mistinguette in an ugly make-up and as she is in real life. Down the page, from top to bottom, is Mlle. Lysès as she is in real life, and in various stages of a make-up.

Photographs by Félix, Manuel, and Femina.

## A STAR ENGAGEMENT: A FAMOUS STAGE-CHILD BETROTHED.



1. GROWN-UP: MISS IRIS HAWKINS, WHO IS ENGAGED TO MR. EWART MACKINNON.

3. IN THE MOST RECENT OF HER CHILD PARTS: MISS IRIS HAWKINS (WITH MISS MARIE LÖHR) IN "PRESERVING MR. PANMURE."

2. TO MARRY THE AUTHOR OF THE SKETCH IN WHICH SHE IS APPEARING: MISS IRIS HAWKINS AS COLUMBINE.

4. ENGAGED TO MISS IRIS HAWKINS: MR. EWART MACKINNON, AUTHOR OF THE SKETCH "COLUMBINE."

That famous stage-child, Miss Iris Hawkins, who leapt into fame in London by her remarkable performance of the boy Derek Jesson, in "His House in Order," at the St. James's, is engaged to Mr. Ewart Mackinnon, author of the sketch "Columbine," in which she was playing the title rôle at the Tivoli last week. Her most notable recent appearance in a child-part was when she played Myrtle in "Preserving Mr. Panmure," at the Comedy. Miss Hawkins was born at Newmarket, Cambridgeshire, in 1893, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Percy Lane Hawkins. Her first appearance on the stage was made as the small fairy in "The Cricket on the Hearth," at the Garrick, in 1901. She confesses to dancing, swimming, and croquet as her recreations.—[Photographs by Foulsham and Banfield.]



# DROPPED FROM THE "DELHI" AND CAUGHT: THE PRINCESS ROYAL AND HER DAUGHTERS.



ROYAL LADIES FOR WHOM THE NAME OF INDIA'S NEW CAPITAL IS NOT ASSOCIATED WITH CEREMONY: THE LATEST STUDIO PORTRAIT OF THE PRINCESS ROYAL AND THE PRINCESSES ALEXANDRA AND MAUD, WHO WERE WRECKED IN THE LINER "DELHI" AND VERY NEARLY DROWNED.

At the wreck of the "Delhi" the royal party had a narrow escape from drowning. They refused to be the first to leave the ship. After the French cruiser "Friant" had taken off a boat-load of women and children, the royal passengers, accompanied by Rear-Admiral Cradock, who had come aboard the "Delhi," left in one of the "Duke of Edinburgh's" boats for the shore. To quote the "Times": "The ladies had literally to be dropped and caught. When the boat was still some way from the shore the breakers began to fill her, in spite of the fact that the Duke and others bailed as hard as possible. While the boat was still some distance from the beach she filled and sank. . . . Princess Alexandra disappeared for a moment under the sea. However, after great efforts . . . they were safely landed." After landing, the royal party, drenched as they were, had a four-mile scramble to the lighthouse, where they got dry clothing, and then a ten-mile mule-ride to Tangier.—[Photograph by Lillie Charles.]

**DRURY LANE THEATRE ROYAL.**

Managing Director, Arthur Collins.  
BOXING NIGHT and TWICE DAILY.  
HOP O' MY THUMB. By G. R. SIMS, F. DIX, and ARTHUR COLLINS.  
SEATS MAY NOW BE BOOKED. Tels.: 2588 (two lines) Ger.

**HIS MAJESTY'S.** Proprietor, Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree.

ANNUAL CHRISTMAS PRODUCTION.  
TO - NIGHT, WEDNESDAY, December 20,

Offenbach's Opera  
"Orphée Aux Enfers,"  
will be presented under the title of  
ORPHEUS IN THE UNDERGROUND.  
Produced under the direction of Sir Herbert Tree.  
Version by Messrs. Alfred Noyes, Frederick Norton,  
and the Producer.

MATINEE TUESDAY, Dec. 25 (Boxing Day), and every following WEDNESDAY,  
THURSDAY, and SATURDAY.

Box-office 10 to 10. Seats can now be booked.

**ST. JAMES'S.****SIR GEORGE ALEXANDER.**

Sole Lessee and Manager.  
EVERY EVENING at 8.15 punctually, a new play entitled

**BELLA DONNA.**

Adapted from the Novel by Robert Hichens.  
By JAMES BERNARD FAGAN.

GEORGE ALEXANDER and MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL.  
MATINEE WEDNESDAYS and SATURDAYS at 2. Box-office 10 to 10. Tel. 3903 Gerrard.

**WYNDHAM'S.** At 8.45, GERALD du MAURIER and Co. in  
THE PERPLEXED HUSBAND, by ALFRED SUTRO. Mat. Weds. Sats. 2.30.

**MR. ROBERT LORAIN** produces (for a short run only)  
MAN AND SUPERMAN. By Bernard Shaw.  
Nightly at 8.30. Matinee every Wed. and Sat. at 2.30. CRITERION THEATRE.

**LONDON OPERA HOUSE. HOLIDAY PROGRAMME.**

BOXING DAY at 2, QUO VADIS? at 8, TALES OF HOFFMANN. Dec. 27 at 2,  
and Dec. 30 at 8, LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR. Dec. 27, evening, FAUST. Dec. 28, at 8.15,  
RIGOLETTO. Dec. 29 at 8, TALES OF HOFFMANN. Dec. 30 at 2, HERODIADE.  
GRAND SUNDAY CONCERT. XMAS AND NEW YEAR'S EVES, at 7.30.  
Admission free. Seats at POPULAR PRICES. Tel. Hol. 6840.

**EMPIRE.** "NEW YORK," New Ballet, LYDIA KYASHT,

Fred Farren, Ida Crispi, Lewis Douglas, Unity More, etc.,  
Louis Calvert and Co., Hunting Pictures, and Selected Varieties.  
EVENINGS at 8. Manager, Arthur Aldin.

**CHILDREN'S DELIGHT.**—The New Card Game: "Peter  
Pan," 2s., post free. International Card Co., Dept. B, 96, 98, Leadenhall St., E.C.

**WESTGATE-  
ON-SEA.**

UNEQUALLED POSITION FACING SEA.  
STANDS IN ITS OWN GROUNDS OF OVER AN ACRE.  
Magnificent Lounge.

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LIGHT AND SYSTEM OF HEATING.

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THE WINTER MONTHS and FOR GOLFERS.  
ELECTRIC LIFT.

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**REGENT HOTEL, LEAMINGTON, for CHRISTMAS**  
COMFORT and CHARM. Special Programme of Entertainments. Apply Manager for  
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and  
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FACING  
SOUTH.

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Recherché Restaurant. Magnificent Public Rooms.

VALETING, attendance, light, baths, inclusive.

No extra charges.

Telephone, 2341 Victoria. W. M. NEFZGER, General Manager.

**SPEND CHRISTMAS ON THE SUNNY  
SOUTH.**

BRIGHTON IN 60 MINUTES—DAILY—THE "SOUTHERN BELLE," Pullman  
Express, comfortably warmed, leaves Victoria at 11 a.m. and 3.10 p.m. Week-days and 11 a.m.  
and 6.30 p.m. Sundays and Xmas Day. Leaves Brighton 12.20 p.m. and 5.45 p.m. on Week-  
days and 5 p.m. and 9.30 p.m. Sundays and Xmas Day. Single Ticket, 9s. 6d.; Day Return  
Ticket, 12s. † Not on Dec. 26.

FREQUENT FAST TRAINS, CHEAP TICKETS from Victoria, London Bridge, and  
Kensington (Addison Road).

TO BRIGHTON HOVE WORTHING	Trains leave Victoria 9.0, 10.5, 10.40, 11.0 and 11.40 a.m., 1.0, (Sats. only), 1.55, 3.10, 3.40, 4.30, 5.45, 6.35, 7.15, 8.30 and 9.50 p.m.; London Bridge, 9.7, 9.50, 10.50, and 11.50 a.m., 1.20 (Sats. only), 2.0, 4.0, 5.0, 5.56 and 7.20 p.m.
LEWES SEAFORD EASTBOURNE BEXHILL ST. LEONARDS HASTINGS	Trains leave Victoria 9.0, 10 a.m., 12 noon, 1.25, 3.20, 5.20, 6.45, and 9.50 p.m., also London Bridge 9.50 and 11.50 a.m., 1.15, 2.0, 4.5, 5.5, 7.0, and 9.13 p.m. Also Trains to Lewes and Eastbourne only from Victoria 11.15 a.m., 4.30, 5.45 (not Sats.), and 7.45 p.m. London Bridge 5.56 (not Sats.), 7.40 p.m. † To Seaford, Wednesdays only.
LITTLEHAMPTON BOGNOR PORTSMOUTH SOUTHSEA ISLE OF WIGHT	Trains leave Victoria 6.20, 8.55, 10.25, and 11.25 a.m., 1.42, 3.55, 4.53* and 7.20* p.m.; London Bridge 6.35, 10.25 and 11.20 a.m., 1.50, 4.0, 4.50 and 7.18* p.m. * Not to the Isle of Wight.

**CONVENIENT CHEAP TICKETS** for the CHRISTMAS  
HOLIDAYS will be issued to all the above South Coast Resorts on Dec. 22, 23 and 24.

For details of Xmas Arrangements see Holiday Programme or apply Superintendent of  
the Line, L. B. & S. C. R., London Bridge.

**CHRISTMAS CRACKERS; AND RAG-BOOKS.**

**C**HRISTMAS would not be Christmas without a liberal supply  
of the famous crackers associated with the name of Tom  
Smith. In this matter we are all disposed to be liberal, in  
spite of the conservative possibility suggested in the last verse of  
"Dagonet's" lines to "the Cracker King" in the *Referee*—

And whether ends the Premier's name  
In 'aw' or 'quith,'  
You'll be our Home Rule just the same,  
Tom Smith!

Messrs. Tom Smith and Co. are able to state that they are the only  
firm who have received the royal appointments from the King and  
Queen for Christmas crackers. The novelties prepared by Tom  
Smith for this season are as alluring as usual. They have an  
immense variety, ranging in price from 6d. a box upwards, the  
costlier kinds including some delightful artistic crackers for table-  
decoration. Among the most popular boxes in this year of Coro-  
nations and Durbars will doubtless be the gorgeous "Empire" and  
the "Indian Empire" crackers. Other favourites will be the  
"Found in a Taxi" box and "Tommees Smithee's Chin-Chin China-  
man" crackers—but it is impossible to enumerate all the delights  
that Tom Smith provides for the merry feast of Yule.

This Christmas, the denizens of the nursery are well catered for  
by the makers of books. Among the most charming publications  
for small readers are those of Messrs. Dean and Son, of 160A, Fleet  
Street, and of Dean's Rag-Book Company, 18, Paternoster Square.  
Messrs. Dean long ago recognised the fact that in their toys  
children want things they can knock about with impunity, and  
things that give them something to do as well as something to  
look at. In addition to the well-known untearable rag-books and  
knockabout stuffed dolls, Messrs. Dean have this year produced  
some admirable novelties in the shape of patchwork picture-puzzles  
(to be made by cutting out and gumming on), "Roly-Poly" untear-  
able panoramas, and painting-books with pictures at once easy,  
realistic, and bold in design. Those who want to give a really  
welcome gift to a child could not do better than choose something  
from Messrs. Dean's copious list.

**THE BEST BOOKS OF THE WEEK.**

STANLEY PAUL.  
In the Maoriland Bush. W. H. Koebel.  
12s. 6d. net.  
A Garland of Verse for Young People.  
Edited by Alfred H. Miles. 12s. 6d. net.  
The Qualities of Mercy. Cecil Adair. 6s.  
Spain Revisited. C. Gascoigne Hartly-y.  
12s. 6d.  
"THE FINANCIAL TIMES."  
Business Prospects Year - Book, 1912.  
Edited by Joseph Davies and C. P. Henley.  
5s. net.  
HAM-SMITH.  
Love's Artist. L. M. Brigstocke. 6s.

HARPER.  
The Eternal Feminine. May Isobel Fisk.  
5s. net.  
HEINEMANN.  
Fairies and Flowers. Frances Ward. 5s.  
Maid's Money. Mrs. Henry Dudeney. 6s.  
On the Art of the Theatre. Edward  
Gordon Craig. 6s. net.  
LEE WARNER.  
Illustrated Catalogue of Old Masters at  
the Grafton Galleries, 1911. Edited  
by Roger E. Fry and Maurice W. Brock-  
well. 21s. net.

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Every contribution submitted to "The Sketch" should bear the full name and  
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PUBLISHING OFFICE: 172, STRAND, W.C.

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To whom Notice of Claims, under the following conditions, must be sent within fourteen days to the above address.

**INSURANCE TICKET.** (Applicable to Passenger Trains in Great Britain and Ireland.)  
Issued under Section 33 of the "Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act," 1890.

ONE THOUSAND POUNDS will be paid by the above Corporation to the legal repre-  
sentative of any person killed by an accident to the train in which the deceased was an ordinary  
ticket-bearing passenger, and who at the time of such accident had upon his person, or had left  
at home, this ticket, attached or detached, with his, or her, usual signature, written in ink or  
pencil, on the space provided below, which is the essence of this contract.

PROVIDED ALSO that the said sum will be paid to the legal representative of such person  
injured should death result from such accident within ninety days thereafter.

This Insurance holds good for the current week of issue only, and entitles the holder to the  
benefit of and is subject to the conditions of the "Ocean Accident and Guarantee  
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The purchase of this publication is admitted to be the payment of a Premium under  
Sec. 33 of the Act. A Print of the Act can be seen at the office of this Journal or of the said  
Corporation. No person can recover on more than one Coupon Ticket in respect of the  
same risk.

December 20, 1911.

Signature.....





## Shooting in Nepal.

By the time these lines are in print the great Delhi Durbar will be a splendid memory; all the princes and potentates will be moving back to their own States, and the great army which was collected to salute the King-Emperor will have broken up again into its units, each of which will be marching back to its own station. The King will be in the Nepal Terai ready to enjoy the very finest sport that the world can show, for there is no tiger-shooting that can compare with that to be had in the great space of jungle and barren land which lies at the foot of the first of the many ranges of hills which compose the kingdom of Nepal. The Nepalese take very reasonable precautions to maintain the independence of their kingdom; and though they are most loyal allies of the British Raj and send us the Gurkhas, their little hill-men, to serve under the British flag, and are counselled as to their foreign policy by a British Resident, they only allow Europeans to go up to Katmandhu, the capital, by one mountain-path, and then only when they are furnished with the necessary passports, all other roads in the mountains being forbidden to strangers.



THE NEW MASTER OF THE CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY DRAG: MR. E. R. PALMER, TRINITY COLLEGE.

Photograph by Crisp.

permission by the Nepalese Government to shoot a certain number of tigers yearly in the Terai, this number varying, as a rule, with the rank of the official to whom the permission is given. There is excellent mahseer fishing in some of the rivers, where they tumble out of the hills on to the slope leading down to the plain, and many of the planters in Behar, as well as men in the Government services, are allowed to fish these rivers without any question being asked. The tigers in the Terai are to a certain extent preserved, in that they may not be shot except by permission of the Government; and all the harm they do is occasionally to kill and carry off some of the cattle which graze near the thinly scattered villages. Summer is the usual time during which tigers are shot, for then great patches can be burnt in the dry, long grasses, and these patches are useful as making cleared spaces to which the striped game can be driven.

## How the Maharajah Shoots.

The method of shooting when the Maharajah of Nepal gives a big shooting-party, as he will give for the King, is that two or three regiments of soldiers are sent down from Katmandhu into the Terai to act as beaters, and that a vast number of elephants, of which there are plenty in Nepal, are collected. The whereabouts of a number of tigers are known, and an immense circle is formed of elephants, with men in between as beaters. Little elephants, very quick of foot, are used to carry the officers who regulate the closing in of the enormous circle. There is a great noise of tom-toms and gongs, and shouting and firing-off of guns as the circle begins to close, and the tigers in the ring, hearing the clamour, begin to move restlessly from place to place looking for an opening, but being always headed back. The principal guest on his elephant has on either side of him, on their elephants, two of the surest shots in India, to make quite certain that if a charging tiger is not stopped by a bullet from the royal rifle it will be stopped by a bullet from a man on either side of him. Of course, this is an unnecessary precaution with our King, for he will be assuredly the best shot of all the good shots who will be in the field in the Terai.

## When a Tiger Charges.

Closer and closer draws the circle of the elephants, and louder and louder grows the noise at all points except one—the point where the shooting-party on their elephants are waiting for the great game to attempt to break out. At last, through the yellow and russet grasses something moves at the pace of an express engine. It is a tiger making his dash for life, and prepared to charge at anything which stands in his way. If he is not stopped, he will be, at one spring, up on to the forehead of an elephant, clawing at the mahout seated on its neck. But it is a thousand to one that no tiger ever gets as far as this. The rush of each fierce, striped thing through the grass is stopped by the bullets, and a beautiful, limp, dead thing is collected when the shooting is finished, and hoisted up on to one of the pad elephants, to be carried in triumph to camp to be skinned, and to become, later on, an ornament in some lady's drawing-room.

## The Royal Game of Nepal.

The royal game animals of Nepal, however, are not tigers but rhinoceri. The rhinoceri living by the rivers in some parts of the Terai are preserved for the shooting of the Maharajah, the Prime Minister of Nepal, and his brothers and their sons, and he must either be a royal guest or a stranger of very great distinction to whom permission to shoot any of these animals is given. It is their rarity more than any particular sport in the hunting of them which causes them to be held in such honour. In some parts of British India there is quite good rhinoceros-shooting, and I fancy that the late Maharajah of Kooch Behar used to show the guests at his shooting-parties excellent sport after rhino.



THE SECOND AIRWOMAN IN ENGLAND TO GAIN HER PILOT'S CERTIFICATE: MRS. STOCKS IN HER AVIATION DRESS.

Mrs. Maurice Hewlett, wife of the famous novelist, was the first airwoman in England to win a pilot's certificate. Mrs. Stocks is the second. She obtained her brevet at the Grahame-White School on a Gnome-Farman. She performed a series of five figures of eight at a height of 500 feet, and, later, carried out the other evolutions necessary for a pass. Having succeeded in her endeavours, she gave a passenger-flight to her friend, Mrs. Gates; this, it is believed, was the first occasion on which a lady passenger had made an ascent on an aeroplane controlled by a lady pilot.

Photograph by Kate Pragnell.

her fortresses and to leave a margin for field work. This margin, however, seems never to be forthcoming, and on more than one occasion Great Britain has had to remind her that if the worst comes to the worst Belgium can only expect her army to be supported in the field, and that the British Army cannot be expected to take the place of a Belgian one.

## Belgium's Military Difficulties.

The Belgian Ministers have quite as many bad quarters-of-an-hour over their Territorial troops as the British Ministers have over ours. It was asserted in the Belgian Chamber that had there been war this summer in Europe the Germans could have swept through Belgium without meeting any resistance likely to delay them for any length of time, and could have taken Antwerp before British soldiers could have landed. While denying this, the Government acknowledged that things were not as they should be, and promised amendment. The integrity of Belgium is guaranteed by the Great Powers, but it is always to England that the little country looks as a friend in need should war break out between Germany and France. She is, however, bound to keep on foot a sufficient army to garrison



A GREAT CENTRE OF ATTRACTION AT MONTE CARLO THIS YEAR: MR. D. APPELBY.

Mr. Appelby, a well-known American, has been paying by no means his first visit to Monte Carlo this year; but for the first time his play there has been of a sensational nature, and he has been a great centre of attraction.—[Photograph by E. Novello.]





**K**ING GEORGE'S journeying increases, rather than abates, the activity of his knight-creating sword, and the Orders he confers make one of the largest items in the secretarial impedimenta. No sooner was he well launched on the high seas than his Majesty offered a peerage to Sir Arthur Wilson, proving that a King can, after all, lord it over the waves. This would have been the first of the wireless creations; Signor Marconi, who was not long ago congratulated on an invention that helped to trap a murderer, finds the popular gratitude not so deeply moved in the matter of an elevation to the Peerage, but personally he was never so gratified as when he learnt of his Majesty's experiments with Marconigrams. The King finds no end of material in his Indian Empire upon which to exercise his royal faculties: there is little need of wireless or cable while he is surrounded by his Indian subjects. Sir George Clarke heads the Durbar Honours list; Sir Arthur Lawley, Sir George Sydenham, Sir O'Moore Creagh, and the Rajah of Kapurthala are among the decorated. In India it is a case of decorating those who are themselves decorative, for the Order of the Crown of India has gone to the Marchioness of Crewe, the Begum of Bhopal, and the Maharanee of Bhavnagar.



MISS SYBIL HAMILTON-HOARE, WHOSE MARRIAGE TO MR. GERALD MORSBY THOROTON HILDYARD WAS FIXED FOR YESTERDAY (THE 19TH). Miss Hamilton-Hoare is the daughter of Mr. H. W. Hamilton-Hoare, late Assistant Secretary to the Board of Education. Mr. Hildyard, barrister-at-law, is the second son of General Sir Henry J. Thoroton Hildyard and of Lady Hildyard, of 33, Eccleston Street.

Photograph by Swaine.

#### A Military Engagement.

Another Coldstreamer whose engagement is announced is Mr. David Bingham, son of Brigadier-General the Hon. Cecil Bingham and of the late Mrs. Cecil Bingham, a lady possessed of great wealth and greater beauty. Her name was Rose; her son's fiancée is Lady Rosabelle St. Clair Erskine. If the phrase "a smart soldier" may be used in the superlative, it could be most appositely applied to General Bingham, a commander of the 1st Life Guards and the 2nd Cavalry Brigade, the son of a Crimean Coldstreamer (the fourth Earl of Lucan), the relative of a Cardigan and a Duke of Richmond, and the right-hand officer in South Africa of General French. Lady Rosabelle St. Clair Erskine also has the blood of soldiers in her veins, and soldier's blood is none the worse



LADY ROSABELLE ST. CLAIR-ERSKINE AND MR. DAVID BINGHAM, WHOSE ENGAGEMENT IS ANNOUNCED.

Lady Rosabelle is the only daughter of the Earl of Rosslyn. Mr. Bingham is the second son of Colonel the Hon. Cecil Bingham, second son of the Earl of Lucan.

Photographs by Rita Martin and Mayall.



THE HON. LOUVINA KNOLLYS, WHOSE MARRIAGE TO MR. ALLAN MACKENZIE WAS FIXED TO TAKE PLACE YESTERDAY (THE 19TH).

Miss Knollys is the only daughter of Lord Knollys. Mr. Allan Mackenzie is the second son of the late Sir Allan Mackenzie, Bt., of Glen Muick.

Photograph by Rita Martin.



ENGAGED TO MAJOR ARTHUR KENNARD: MRS. CHARLES HELBERT HELBERT.

Mrs. Evelyn Mary Helbert Helbert is the widow of Mr. Charles Helbert Helbert, and daughter of the late Lord David Kennedy. Major Kennard, D.S.O., is the eldest son of the late Mr. Arthur Kennard.

Photograph by Kate Pragnell.



TO MARRY MR. NOEL EDWARDS TO-DAY (THE 20TH): MISS EVELYN HARGREAVES.

Miss Hargreaves is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Hargreaves, of Templecombe, Somerset, and Whalley Abbey, Lancashire. Mr. Noel Edwards, of the 9th Lancers, is the well-known polo-player.

Photograph by Val L'Estrange.

for being tinged with the blue ink of a war-correspondent. Lady Rosabelle is Lord Rosslyn's first child and only daughter; she is the niece, too, of the Duchess of Sutherland, and she is to marry a most popular officer. The wedding, which will take place early in the New Year, will be of interest to many families and regiments.

*The Multitude.* Of the country house-parties that have been withdrawing people from the bewilderment of a thronged town, the Duke and Duchess of Portland's at Welbeck, and Lord and Lady Cowdray's at Cowdray Park have been among the largest. Bond

Street has never been more impossibly congested: the whole of that region of the town has been completely under the thumb of Christmas; and only the policeman, wedged between brougham and motor, knows what desperate language is sometimes used within by the young and fair. People have been pouring out of town, but the space they leave behind amounts to nothing. India is full of Londoners, but London is no whit emptier. As a matter of fact, many people who usually stay in town till Christmas week have left for their country places earlier than usual. Prince Arthur of Connaught has been at Welbeck, Mr. Balfour has retreated to Whittingehame, all the world is out of town, and still the town is dense with humanity.



MISS DAGMAR WIEHE, THE WELL-KNOWN ACTRESS, WHOSE ENGAGEMENT TO MAJOR EDWARD FINCH HATTON, D.S.O., IS ANNOUNCED.

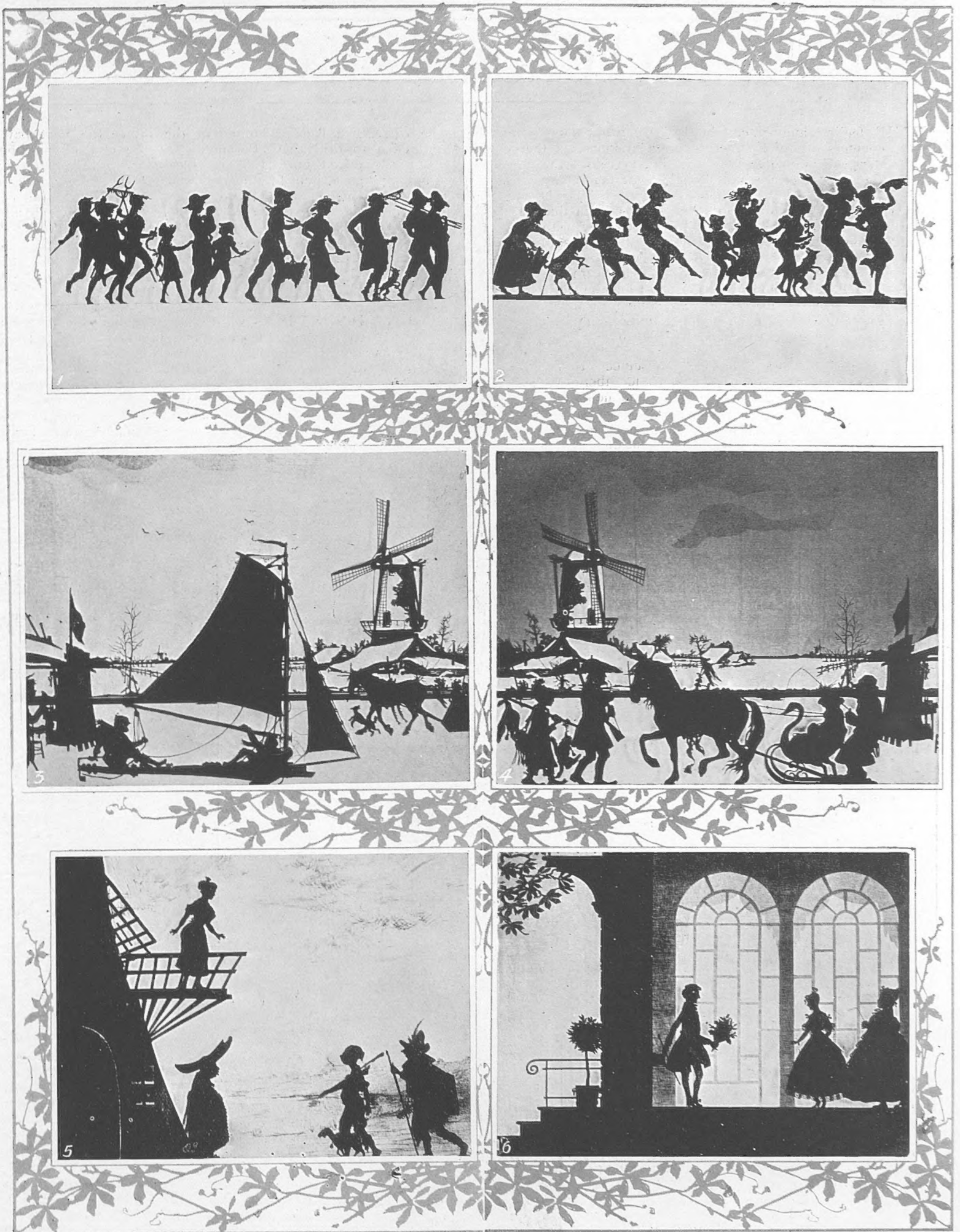
Miss Wiehe is the eldest daughter of Colonel F. G. Wiehe and Mrs. Wiehe, of Littlebourne Lodge, Sandgate, Kent. Our readers will remember her as an actress who played ingénue parts with considerable charm.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.

*Georgian Secrets.* To Mr. Henry Labouchere in his Florentine retreat, as to people in all English colonies the world over, the death of Sir George Lewis was a matter of close personal regret. "Labby" has more than one story of the friend who was also one of the strengths of *Truth*. With the twinkle of deep knowledge in his eye, Mr. Labouchere asserted one day that Sir George knew enough to hang half Society and send the rest to penal servitude. "Then where will you be on Judgment Day?" queried a listener. "By George, you bet," was the instantaneous answer. Nevertheless, the universal regret felt at the death of Sir George Lewis suggests that all Society was not, after all, so dreadfully ashamed of the things he knew.



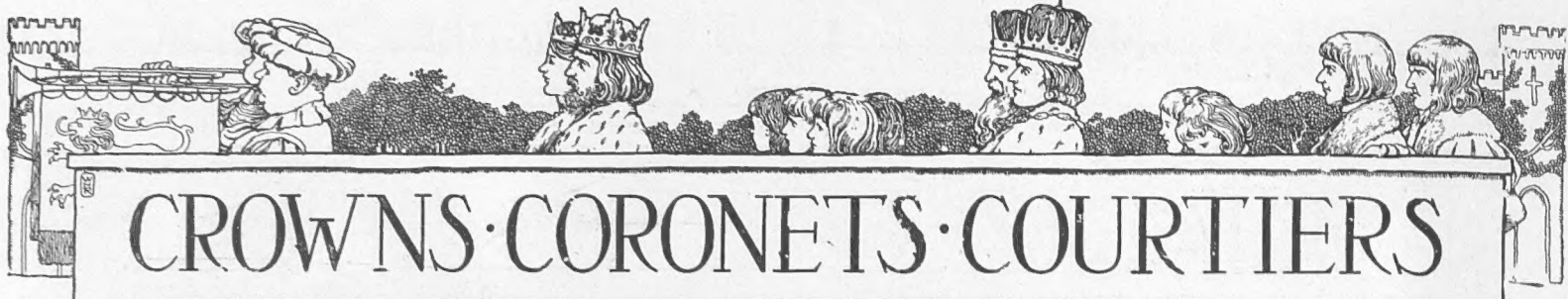
# WHY NOT IN LLOYD-GEORGE? DUTCH FIGURES IN SILHOUETTE: AN ART NAMED AFTER A FINANCE MINISTER.



1. AMARYLLIS IN SHADOW, IF NOT IN THE SHADE: DUTCH PEASANT-FOLK IN SILHOUETTE.
3. DUTCH WINTER SPORT IN SILHOUETTE: ICE-NAVIGATION IN THE LAND OF WINDMILLS.
5. NOT THE BALCONY SCENE IN "ROMEO AND JULIET": TYPES OF DUTCH BEAUTY IN PROFILE.

2. PLAYING THE GIDDY GOAT: PHYLLIS AND CORYDON CAUGHT BY THE "EMOTION BY MOTION" CRAZE.
4. DUTCH WINTER SPORT IN TWO SENSES: DEAD DUCKS AND A SWAN THAT WAS NEVER ALIVE.
6. NOT A SCENE FROM "SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER": SILHOUETTED DUTCH CRINOLINES.

The art of silhouette derived its name from Etienne de Silhouette, a French Minister of Finance, who held office in 1759. His financial measures were so short-sighted and unsuccessful that his name became a by-word, and the expression "à la Silhouette" was commonly used as a term of contempt, denoting anything cheap or worthless, in allusion to his excessive economy. No charge of inordinate parsimony could be brought against Mr. Lloyd-George: an art named after him would be something different. Our illustrations afford examples of an interesting revival of the art of silhouette in Holland.



## CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIER

THE feeling among certain ladies, always famous at the counters of Bond Street before Christmas, is that Queen

Mary suffers one serious privation in India—the loss of the accustomed week of shopping. It is not easy to believe that the burden of choosing and buying is a pleasure that she pines for, but it is certain that other royal ladies have been doing their duty with splendid goodwill and energy in the crowded marts of the West End. Princess Henry of Battenberg, we are reminded, arrived in Madrid last Christmas “with her hands full of gifts, among them a pony for the little Princes.” She goes again this year immensely laden, but with nothing, we are glad to think, quite so difficult to put into a parcel or to carry on the arm.

*The Free-Born.* The liberty of the subject is not seldom safer than the liberty of kings and queens. In this connection may be mentioned the zealous way in which Queen Alexandra's movements nowadays are never foretold without a knowing

allusion to the possibility of a change in her Majesty's plans. Even in the matter of her quite personal Christmas shopping, the writers of Court gossip seem half-resentful because they have not been informed with absolute finality as to her intentions. “It is impossible to speak with certainty,” they write till one is a-weary, “as it is now well known that her Majesty's programme is liable to be changed at the last moment.” A dozen such comments could be



MISS ANNAN BRYCE AS ONE OF THE “FIVE LADIES OF BAGHDAD,” AT THE ARABIAN NIGHTS BALL.

*Photograph by Thomson.*

quoted. And why? Merely because Queen Alexandra no longer feels compelled to submit to the tyranny of the Court chronicler, because she decides to enjoy the common privileges, to keep open her choice of trains, and to have the courage of her inclinations. The freedom to do what is most convenient, not to the writers of the paragraphs, but to herself, is still but grudgingly allowed her.

*The Patriot.* Tales of strained relations between Kaiser and Crown Prince, with reprimands and Danzig in the background, may be supplemented by quite a jovial anecdote of the Prince's own. Arriving incognito in Danzig the day before his official reception there, he chartered a cab to drive him round the show-places. But the cabman would not go far, explaining that he was a veteran, a reservist, a patriot, that he would

be carrying a flag in honour of the Prince the next day, and was due to drill that afternoon. At the end of an hour he pulled up. His fare, pleased with the man's loyalty, gave him fifty marks, and, telling him to keep the change, turned to go. “Stay,” cried the cabby; “you're the sort for me. I'll drive you all day. When I meet a man like you, the flag, the army, and the Prince be blown!”



MR. HUGH LAW, M.P. (NAT.) FOR WEST DONEGAL, AS A TIBETAN LAMA, AT THE ARABIAN NIGHTS BALL.

*Photograph by Thomson.*



MRS. RICHARD DAVIS AS A WAITING-MAID, AT THE ARABIAN NIGHTS BALL.

*Photograph by Thomson.*

### *Partners Then and Now.*

To look back upon the Countess of Altamont's dances last year is to pass in review a whole bevy of lads and lasses who have since become, or are about to become, husbands and wives. Miss Drexel, Miss Louvima Knollys, Lord Hardwicke—a round dozen in all—remember 7, Upper Belgrave Street as the place where, only a short while back, they met in singularity. Where so many guests were to become involved in a change that is the beginning of the end of dancing, it is but fair that Lady Altamont's own household should also be involved. The news of the engagement of her second daughter, Lady Moya Browne, to Mr. Allan W. G. Campbell, of the Coldstream Guards, gives widespread satisfaction.

### *The Curiosities of Lineage.*

To Lady Altamont, her daughters, and her entertaining, is due in part the fact that her husband's courtesy title is almost more familiar than the parent one to which it is allied. To her son belongs a quite rare range of names. At present known as

Viscount Westport, he may become in turn Earl of Altamont and the Marquess of Sligo, and have yet another title in prospect, for his father is heir presumptive to the earldom of Clanricarde. That, it may fairly be claimed, offers a sufficient certainty of distinction; but the case of the grandfather supplies curious contrasts. The Marquess of Sligo was a fifth son; his eldest brother was thrice married, but had no son; the brother who succeeded him died a bachelor. But even then, when the present Marquess held the title, the succession was in danger. His wife and son were in extreme peril of murder during the Indian Mutiny, and at one time, when no tidings came, he despaired of their lives. It was in 1855 that he married Miss Catherine Dicken, whose father was in the Indian Medical Service.



MISS WERTHEIMER AS PRINCESS HAÏATAL NEFOUS, DAUGHTER OF ARMANOS, KING OF THE ISLE OF EBONY, AT THE ARABIAN NIGHTS BALL.

*Photograph by Thomson.*



## THE INVENTIONS OF SCHEHERAZADE AND THE COSTUMIERS.

DRESSES SEEN AT THE ARABIAN NIGHTS BALL AT COVENT GARDEN.



1. MRS. COSMO HAMILTON (MISS BERYL FARER) AS THE SULTANA IN THE STORY OF ABDALLAH OF THE LAND AND ABDALLAH OF THE SEA.
2. MRS. ANNAN BRYCE AS ONE OF "THE FIVE LADIES OF BAGHDAD."
3. MAJOR-GENERAL SIR ALFRED TURNER AS NOUREDDIN.
4. MR. A. HAMILTON GIBBS, MRS. COSMO HAMILTON, MR. COSMO HAMILTON, MISS PATRICIA GIBBS, MISS DE BROË, AND MISS L. CLERMETS.

5. MISS PHYLLIS CAMPBELL AS A PERSIAN LADY OF HIGH RANK.
6. MRS. LANDON RONALD AS A LADY OF BAGHDAD.
7. MR. F. WERTHEIMER AS PRINCE CAMARAL ZAMAN, AND THE MISSES COHEN AND DE PASS IN PRINCE CAMARAL ZAMAN'S STORY.
8. MR. J. VAN DER VEER, TREASURER OF THE FOREIGN PRESS ASSOCIATION, AS AN ARABIAN CHIEF.

As the majority of our readers must be aware, the great Arabian Nights Ball, in aid of the Benevolent Fund of the Foreign Press Association in London, took place at Covent Garden on Thursday of last week. It provided a kaleidoscopic scene of brilliant costumes based on those worn by the men and women of those tales Scheherazade told to the Sultan Schahriar, her husband, and so charmed him that he gave up his habit of marrying once a day and executing his spouse the next day, and entitled Scheherazade "the Liberator of the Sex."—[Photographs by Thomson.]



BY E. F. S. (MONOCLE.)

"Bella Donna" and "Esther Waters." How curious to see "Bella Donna" and "Esther Waters" as successive *premieres*—the fashionable melodrama of the lower upper-class society and the drama of the servants' hall! Mr. Fagan's adaptation of Mr. Hichens' clever novel brings into mind a certain rather well-known phrase—probably by Alphonse Karr, to whom are attributed all the *bons mots* of a certain period—"Plus ça change plus c'est la même chose." To the simple-minded it seems quite a modern drama, yet though "comic relief" is absent, though soliloquies and asides are not there, and though the doctor and the handsome widow, Mrs. Marchmont, do not make a match of it, the play is really the simple melodrama dear to the heart of the great public, admirably acted and superbly staged. The heroine, who pretends to be a fashionable Society lady of to-day; is our dear old friend the female villain; Dr. Meyer Isaacson is Hawkshaw the detective, via Sherlock Holmes; Mrs. Armine's husband, the "uxorious" Amnis—or, rather, Armine—is a very doting husband of a naughty wife; and Baroudi is the orthodox stage villain. All of them are quite devoid of reality or individuality; even the rather strange Baroudi will not wash. What a contrast with "Esther Waters," which, superficially, seems more melodramatic, but is lifted by style and reality into the realms of serious drama.

**The St. James's Piece.** It must not be imagined that the fashionable, enthusiastic audience at the St. James's was distressed by the lack of humanity in "Bella Donna." Probably most members had read the clever novel of Mr. Hichens, author of at least one great work, "The Garden of Allah," and could fill up the gaps and imagine that they were convinced by the play when, in truth, conviction came from the book, and, in all likelihood, most of them cared little whether it was plausible or not. For what more is wanted before supper—it was not a case of after dinner on Saturday week,

as the play began at seven—than a thrilling, sensational story, cleverly told, with an ingenious battle between female villain and the detective doctor? To most of us the one fault was length. We were promised that it would be over by ten, and it ended nearly half-an-hour later, and we were growing hungry; almost every scene could stand a little cutting. But we had more solace than I have said, for there was the notable acting and setting.

**The Acting.** Many people, and I am one of them, will count the evening well spent because of the

mood were remarkable, and the mannerisms at one time a little too prominent have almost vanished. Sir George played the Jewish doctor admirably: the make-up seemed rather a pity, and certainly it failed to convince one that Isaacson was a Jew, and there was nothing else to suggest that fact. People seemed to think—I do not know why—that Mr. Charles Maude is too small for the part of Armine; he acted very cleverly. Mr. Athol Stewart played excellently as the Boston specialist—I should have thought we had plenty of stupid doctors, and need not go to America for one. Mr. Shiel Barry's Ibrahim was the most effective piece of character in the play. The Baroudi of Mr. Charles Bryant seemed to me entirely un-Oriental. One must not overlook quite excellent work by Miss Mary Gray and Messrs. Herbert Rea, Trevor Roller, and Alfred Harris.

**"Esther Waters."** Probably most people have forgotten the sensation caused by Mr. George Moore's novel in 1894, and the wrath and also the warm praise bestowed upon it. For the author of late years has done little to keep himself before the eyes of the general public. Yet "Esther Waters" will be remembered when ninety-nine per cent. of the books published since are as dead as most of the plays of Mr. Brookfield's "Golden Age." The play is a curious affair, a little crude at times, and in one act needlessly painful; but we shall recollect it vividly long after "Bella Donna" is forgotten, and if the author will consent to omit the second act, it is likely to take a permanent place in drama, because of its admirable studies of life. The heroine is a real woman, charmingly drawn, one of the few full-length pictures of her class in our theatre that has the breath of life. William Latch, the publican bookie, also reeks of life, and there are at least half-a-dozen other characters, less important, which show true observation by the author. Such plays are valuable as well as interesting. Certainly the second act, which passes at the baby-farmer's, is rather a



HERODIADE IN MASSENET'S OPERA OF THAT NAME, WHICH HAS AGAIN BEEN PASSED BY THE CENSOR AND PRODUCED AT THE LONDON OPERA HOUSE; Mlle. MARGUERITE D'ALVAREZ.

Mr. Oscar Hammerstein arranged to produce Massenet's "Herodiade" at the London Opera House on Friday of last week. Mlle. d'Alvarez, who it was arranged should make her English debut in the title-role, is by birth a Peruvian. She was educated at the Brussels Conservatoire, her native town, Lima, bearing the cost of it. Mr. Hammerstein first heard her at the Theatre Royal, Antwerp, released her from her contract with the management there by purchase, and "presented" her at the Manhattan Opera House, New York. Mme. Lina Cavalieri was billed to appear on the same occasion as Salome.

Photograph by Rita Martin.



THE REVIVAL OF "A MESSAGE FROM MARS": MR. CHARLES HAWTREY AS HORACE PARKER PROSPEROUS, AND HORACE PARKER THE BEGGAR—A DOUBLE PHOTOGRAPH.

Photograph by Ellis and Waver.

admirable acting and the great charm of Mrs. Patrick Campbell. One really understands the infatuation of Armine, and is surprised by the brutality of Baroudi. The cleverness of her fine changes of

stumbling - block, though much can fairly be said in favour of its retention; still, without making any allowance for its effect on me, I found "Esther Waters" interesting, sometimes quite amusing, and throughout it showed the hand of a real dramatist, even if traces of inexperience were sometimes visible.

**The Acting.** Miss Lucy Wilson gave a superb performance as Esther—that is incontestable. The reality of the characters was shown by the fact that many other clever people did work of extraordinary quality. Among them one must name Miss Martheze, Miss Esmé Hubbard, Miss Mabel Knowles, and Miss Clare Greet; and Messrs. Harvey Braban, Arnold Lucy, H. Hewetson, Herbert Bunston, and Edmund Gurney.



THE AUTHOR OF THE NOVEL "BELLA DONNA", MR. ROBERT HICHENS AND MR. JAMES BERNARD FAGAN.



✠   ✠   OUR WONDERFUL WORLD!   ✠   ✠



WAITING FOUR DAYS AND NIGHTS IN SIX INCHES OF SNOW FOR A SITE TO BE DECLARED OPEN: SNOW-HEAPS UNDER WHICH ARE LAND-SEEKING MEN—AT SWIFT CURRENT, SASKATCHEWAN.

Our correspondent writes: "The photograph was taken outside the Dominion Lands Office at Swift Current, Saskatchewan, Canada, on November 8 last, and illustrates the eagerness to take up land for homesteads. Under the heap of snow in the foreground two men are lying under tarpaulins, waiting for a certain tract of land to be declared open. They had been there for four days and nights, with six inches of snow on the ground and the temperature ranging from 18 to 20 degrees below zero."

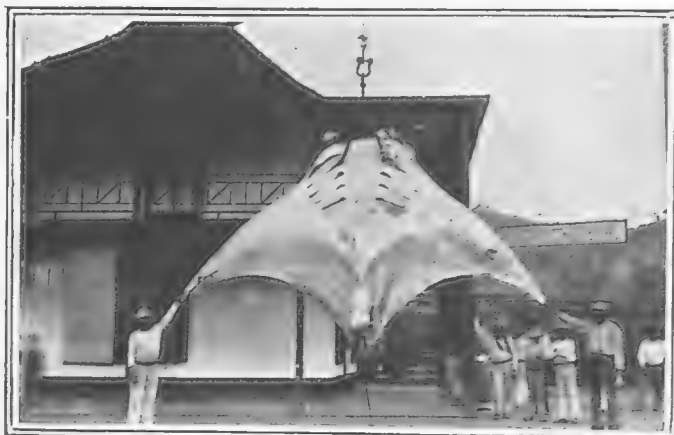


Photo. Barratt.

HARPOONED, TIRED, AND DRAGGED INTO HARBOUR BY A TUG: A MONSTER DEVIL-FISH SIXTEEN-FEET ACROSS AND TEN FEET FROM NOSE TO TAIL-TIP.

The manta, or ray, popularly known as the devil-fish, is found in the tropical waters of Mexico, Florida, and Southern California. The one shown was harpooned near Manzanillo, in Mexico, by a man who, after tiring it, gaffed it, tied it to his tug, and brought it into the harbour, where it was raised by a crane, and photographed. From tip to tip across it measure 16 feet, and 10 feet from nose to tail, and about 18 inches through. It weighed just over 2000 lb., or nearly a ton.



WILD-BEAST HUNTING IN ITALY: A BEAR KILLED ON MOUNT BERNON.

This bear of exceptional size was killed on Mount Bernon, in the Valley of Ampezzo Carnico, in the Province of Udine recently. Bears are very rare in the Alpine valleys, and the capture of the specimen in question is regarded as an extraordinary event. The beast was about 6½ feet in height, and weighed over 300 lb. It was killed by M. Colle.

Photograph by Brocherel.



NOT MAKING FOR SPEED FOR ONCE: THE PNEUMATIC-TYRE DRESS AT A HOLLAND PARK RINK CARNIVAL.

The roller-skater has often shown great ingenuity in the devising of quaint "dresses" for rinking carnivals. Seldom, however, can he have succeeded more thoroughly in satisfying the constant craving for novelty than did the inventor of the "costume" here shown.—[Photograph by Topical.]



BABIES AS LOTTERY PRIZES: A REMARKABLE "RAFFLE."

Our correspondent writes: "A raffle in which there was a chance of winning a live baby was held recently in Paris. The management of a foundling hospital decided to 'offer' all the babies whose parents could not be traced. The income of this raffle was divided among different charitable institutions."

Photograph by International Press Photo. Co.



PROCESSION TO THE HUSTINGS AFTER A SUCCESSFUL CANVASS.

IN 1784—TITLED LADIES, TOO! A SERVANT-TAX PROTEST. This Rowlandson cartoon shows a "No Tax on Maid-servants" procession headed to the hustings, during the Westminster Election of 1784, by the Duchess of Devonshire and Lady Duncannon. It was proposed in that year to tax those who kept maid-servants.

Photograph by Marie Leon.



A 45-GRAIN PEARL AS A TIMEPIECE: A STRANGE WATCH. The pearl weighed 45 grains before being hollowed. That and fitting the works took an employé of M. Louis Gallopin, of Geneva, fifteen months. The watch is for sale for £1200.

Photograph by Fuller and Osborne.



By WADHAM PEACOCK. WITH THUMB-NAIL SKETCHES BY GEORGE MORROW.

IT is rumoured that there is shortly to be a revival of the chaperon. If she is going to keep an eye on the modern girl she will be a wonder. If she is over six-and-twenty she will not have a chance at the game.



*Westfaelische Zeitung* says that the

Which is it—Mr. McKenna or Mr. Churchill who has been prowling about Wilhelmshaven disguised in a paste-board nose and a dark lantern, like Guy Fawkes, arranging to blow up the German naval base at Christmas-time? It must be one of them, because the *Rheinische* plot has been discovered by the German police.



Moral Tales for the Young. A trout, when suffering the pangs of indigestion from a hundred tough worms in its little inside, will yawn for two consecutive hours. There, children. Let this be a warning to you against greediness at Christmas-time.

Singing aloud is now recommended as a cure for blushing. So when you feel an attack coming on, say, "Excuse me, Miss Jones, let me sing you 'The Heart Bowled Down.'" That will probably make her blush, and then you can sing a duet.



Here is a scientific man, not from the U.S.A., declaring that we ought to lead a cooler life, on account of the carbonic acid gas in hot rooms. Really, it is quite impossible to lead the simple life with all these complicated directions for keeping one's health going about.

Whatever you do, don't laugh: it wrinkles up the face. But this only applies to people over forty who have got to hold on to youth with both hands and what teeth they have left.

New York is sending us the "emotion in motion" movement, which makes you get up and sing or crow whenever you feel that this is the best possible of worlds. We don't feel like that over here, so we shan't crow worth a cent.

Poor Lord Rosebery is always having to explain himself. The fact is that Lord Rosebery is a humourist and has to talk to dull people. When he talks about burning books he should, like Artemus Ward, label his remark, "This iz a goak," which would also please Professor Skeat.



"My ideal now is to live in England, my dear England, the land of liberty," says the Infanta Eulalia. The Princess had better look sharp and come along, before the last remnants of our liberty are inspected out of us.

THE  
SEASON'S  
BITTER  
CRY.

(By one who does not read the advertisements.)

Help, help, good friends and neighbours,  
Pray assist me in my labours,  
There are still unnumbered presents that I really ought to buy.  
My brains are wildly skirling,  
And my bandaged head is whirling,  
I can't raise a new idea, however hard I try.  
I want them cheap and handsome,  
Looking worth a monarch's ransom,  
Though costing but a shilling, or it may be two-and-six;  
Something useless, inoffensive,  
And, above all, inexpensive,  
Oh, help me, friends and neighbours, for I'm in an awful fix!

Mr. John B. Wharton says that he has been "besieged by a company of beautiful girls and roundly kissed" in mistake for President Taft. It won't do. Mr. Taft only resembles himself, and Jedge Wharton will have to find a more plausible excuse for the conduct of these peculiar women.



There is trouble at the Paris Opera because M. Clustine, the new ballet-master, has ordered that for the future peasant-girls on the stage are not to wear diamond necklaces and jewelled earrings. This brutal realism does away with all the higher traditions of art.

"Nothing fails like success," said the Dean of St. Paul's. On the other hand, nothing succeeds like a failure, judiciously managed.

"What becomes of the Coming men?" is one of the riddles of the day. They Go.

THE PLAINT OF THE GHOST.

(There is a great deal too much scientific research about the modern attitude towards ghosts.)



Times have changed since the good old days,  
When ghosts were treated with due respect,  
For Christmas literature now displays  
An attitude highly incorrect.  
And that is one of the things that most  
Exasperate a family ghost.

They used to lay me with solemn rites,  
With priest and candle and bell and book,  
But now, though they tremble a bit o' nights,  
They disrespectfully call me "spook."  
And that again is a thing that most  
Inflames the bile of a well-bred ghost.

But these are both of them minor ills,  
And more than all do I long to dodge  
The plaguey love of research that fills  
That indiscreet Sir Oliver Lodge.  
For he is one of the men who most  
Disturb the rest of an elderly ghost.



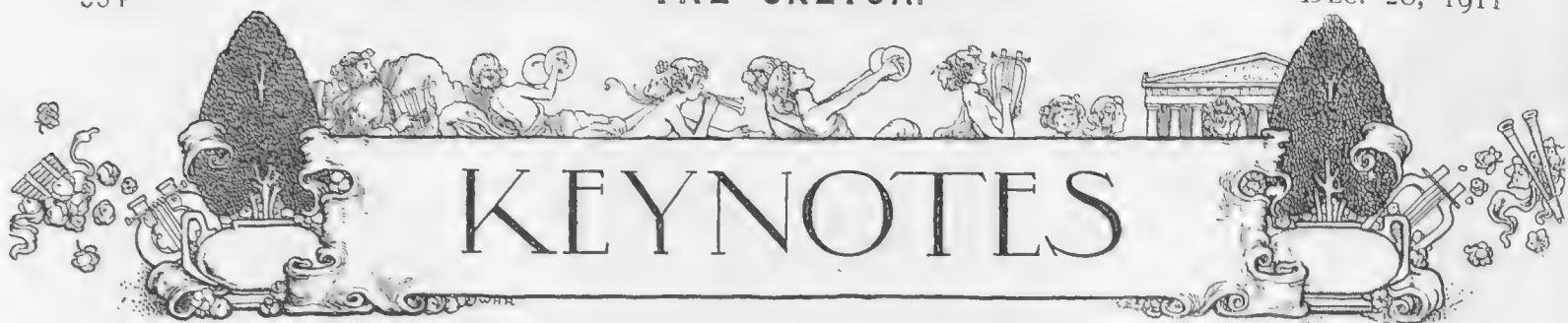
Toques of fur or velvet trimmed with little bunches of mistletoe are popular this Christmas. Eve still goes to the apple-tree for the wherewithal to attract man.



*According to the Press Photographer. V.—The Stage.*



1. "THE THREE-FLIGHTS WALTZ IN 'THE BARON OF NUREMBURG.'" 2. "MISS WOTTO DE WHICHO, THE CHARMING AMERICAN MIME."
3. "THE GREAT SCENE IN 'RIGHTING THE WRONG WOMAN; OR, THE SINLESS SIN.'"
4. "MLLE. DROSHKY, THE GREAT RUSSIAN DANCER." 5. "MISS BERYLE DE BACKE IN A DELIGHTFUL AND UNCONVENTIONAL POSE."



YET another few days and the pantomime season will be upon us, and the question arises, what have the writers of the music done with their opportunity? We may rely upon Mr. Glover to have mixed some brains with his colours at Drury Lane, for such is his annual custom, and his scores are redeemed from banality. He always makes the best of things. At many houses of repute wherein the Christmas season is associated with a special production, skilled and competent musicians, too often foreigners, are engaged to catch and express the spirit of the story. But what of the houses that offer what they are pleased to term an "old-fashioned pantomime" with its prince and princess, its low comedian disguised as a lodging-house keeper or washerwoman, its "knockabouts," and its harlequinade? Will the musicians prove that they have felt the spirit of change that is stirring in other quarters, or will they surrender to the "old fashion," and make up a score that is full of the sweepings and rakings of the music-hall strung together in noisy and musically ineffective fashion? Perhaps it is too much to hope for much improvement, but there may be something to show that the lesson of the years is spreading, however slowly.

In the old days—and they are not so very old, after all—even the balance of the orchestra was not considered; the brass section was augmented to an extent that the number and quality of the strings could never hope to balance, and, after a few performances, the rank and file of conductors surrendered their orchestra to its own devices save when the chief soloists were concerned; and as, in pantomime, these singers usually sang only by ear and had no knowledge at all of music, it was necessary for the man in charge to bestir himself and to be on the alert in order that singer and players might at least begin and end together. There is no doubt that even under those conditions the conducting was as good as the music, and the music was as good as the book, and everything was sufficiently good for the audience; but times have changed—the vulgarity and inanity that ruled the pantomime stage have been scotched if not killed, and there have been signs of some improvement in the orchestra. Given a fairy-story that is written in the spirit of "Hansel and Gretel" or "The King's Children," it is hard to associate it with such masterpieces as "Put me among the Girls" or "We all went into the Shop." Familiarity has had no time to breed contempt.

A truth often forgotten is that some of the pantomime stories so degraded by the modern librettist are things of extraordinary beauty. "Sumurun" and "Scheherazade" are not more delightful than the voyage of Sindbad the Sailor and the adventures of Aladdin could be made, if they were handled in the spirit of the unknown author or authors of "A Thousand Nights and a Night." In a large degree the same truth holds good of some of the nursery stories that have been in bondage for so many years to the pantomime-maker. Those who have read

the "Arabian Nights"—to adopt the more popular title in the translations of Burton or his peers—will be not a little astonished and disgusted to think that such stories, so heavily laden with Eastern atmosphere, imagery, and perfume, can be vulgarised without protest. The one consoling thought is that the time of their degradation must be nearly at an end. The "Widow Twankey" and others of her kind who have been brought into the Eastern stories by the all-powerful genius of the Victorian librettist, are in a bad way; they are following clown and pantaloone into the limbo of things that have earned the right to be forgotten, and the "music"—to employ the courtesy title—that was associated with them will perish too. Of this there can be no doubt; the only question that remains is "How soon?" Traditions have an unfortunate, and often unnecessary, habit of survival, and doubtless the old musical fashion of pantomime has some years of empty life before it; but only the most careless observer can fail to see the approaching end. Even while the material is found in the old unexalted quarters, the handling is an ever-improving factor. Young and ambitious conductors and composers, however they may be bound by their instructions to make use of certain songs and get a certain volume of tone from the orchestra, will be found making the best of a bad bargain.

The chance that managers overlook lies in telling the old stories in more faithful fashion, in taking advantage of the ever-growing attraction of Eastern legendry. Herein lies a great opportunity; whatever such stories as those of Sindbad and Aladdin and others of the same fairyland may be found to hold can be expressed in happier fashion, and may be associated with music worthy the name, though, of course, it would need to have simplicity and melody in preference to other qualities. These should not be hard to find; there is far more beauty in the classical writings, there are far more haunting melodies, than our music-hall stage can claim to have sheltered since it first arose to play a part in English life. This

statement will not savour of presumption, save to those who have never cared to give a hearing, however brief, to anything with a taint of classicism. Granting that the compiler of pantomime music cannot be expected to be a very original musician, he may at least be a very industrious one, and industry will discover in the scores of forgotten operas sufficient melody of worth to make the fortune of a dozen pantomimes.

While the Christmas production was little more than an over-elaborated and under-dressed music-hall show, written for men rather than for children, composers or compilers had no encouragement to do their best, but the changing mood of the past few years is giving them a chance of which they should take advantage. Doubtless a few at least have

done so, and it will be interesting to visit some of the outlying theatres in an endeavour to find out whether any marked improvement is to be noted.



CUPID IN "ORPHEUS IN THE UNDERGROUND": MISS BETTY CALLISH.

Miss Callish is a pupil of the Academy of Dramatic Art, and has filled several rôles at Daly's Theatre with great success.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.



THE AMERICAN EURYDICE OF "ORPHEUS IN THE UNDERGROUND": MISS ELEANOR PERRY.

Miss Eleanor Perry, the youthful American prima-donna who is appearing as Eurydice in Sir Herbert Tree's production of "Orpheus," at His Majesty's Theatre, studied under M. Lucien Fougère, of the Opéra Comique, Paris, and M. Jacques Cointi, the director of Mr. Hammerstein's London Opera House. She is twenty-two years of age.

Photograph by the Dover Street Studios.



BLIND IGNORANCE.



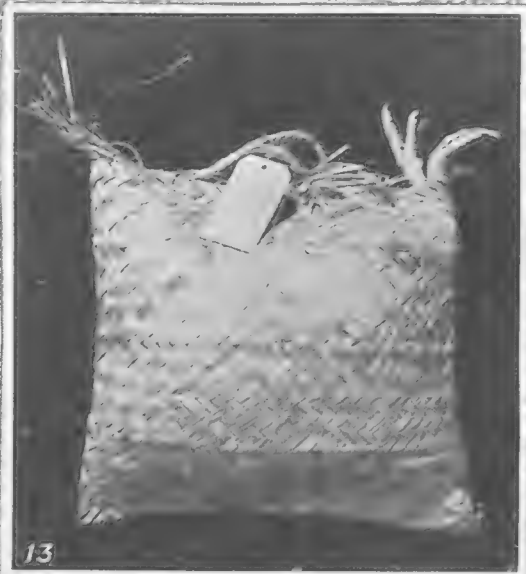
THE BEGGAR: Pity a poor blind man wiv a large fam'ly, liddy.

THE SYMPATHETIC SOUL: And how many children have you, my poor man?

THE BEGGAR (*nonplussed*): Lor- Ma'am, how should I know, when I can't see 'em?

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.

# CHRISTMAS "SHOPPING"—AS THE THIEF DOES IT! BEWARE



1. AN AFFAIR OF STRINGS AND CLIPS.—THE THIEF DROPS THE ARTICLE HE WISHES TO STEAL UPON THE FLOOR, PICKS IT UP WHILE PRETENDING TO DO UP A BOOTLACE, FASTENS A STRING TO IT, AND SO DRAWS IT UNDER HIS COAT.
7. EXCHANGE A ROBBERY.—THE THIEF IS PROVIDED WITH PERFUME BOTTLES FULL OF WATER FOR SUBSTITUTION FOR THE REAL THING.
13. DO YOU CARE FOR LEG?—THE BASKET BROUGHT TO THE HOUSE THAT CARRIAGE MAY BE COLLECTED: CONTENTS, THE LEGS OF A TURKEY AND A LUMP OF SOFT CLAY!

2. A GALLON OF — WATER; AND TWO SHILLINGS TO PAY.—THE THIEF POSES AS A CARRIER'S MAN, BRINGS A JAR, APPARENTLY OF SPIRITS BUT REALLY OF WATER, COLLECTS TWO SHILLINGS FOR CARRIAGE—AND DISAPPEARS.
8. A CASK OF SPIRITS.—AND TWO SHILLINGS TO PAY.—THE THIEF PLAYS CARRIER, COLLECTS "CARRIAGE"—AND LEAVES A BOX OF BRICKS OR STONES BEHIND HIM.
14. TWO LIDS WITH BUT A SINGLE BAG!—THE PURCHASES ARE PLACED BENEATH THE ORDINARY LID; THE THIEF IS CONCEALED BY STEALTH BENEATH THE HIDDEN LID.

3. THE DOG AS RECEIVER OF STOLEN GOODS.—THE THIEF PREPARES THE DOG FOR ITS RÔLE AS SHOP-LIFTER BY CUTTING THE HAIR FROM PART OF ITS BACK, THAT A RUBBER POCKET COVERED WITH THE HAIR MAY BE FIXED TO IT.
9. MOST PROFITABLE PIANO-TUNING.—THE THIEF COMES TO "TUNE THE PIANO"; REALLY TO STEAL ANYTHING HANDY.
15. A JEWEL-THIEF'S AID. THE MATCHES ARE SHORTENED AND ARE ATTACHED TO A FALSE BOTTOM BETWEEN WHICH AND THE REAL BOTTOM PRECIOUS STONES OR SMALL PIECES OF JEWELLERY MAY BE SECRETED.

Now that the Christmas shopping is the order of the day and night, beware the thief, ye who are only too willing to



## THE ARTFUL DODGER AND THE TRICKS WHICH ARE NOT VAIN.



THE DOG AS RECEIVER OF STOLEN GOODS.—THE HAIR, HAVING BEEN REMOVED, IS FASTENED ON A SHEET OF RUBBER FIXED TO THE DOG'S BACK (TOUPET FASHION), AND LEFT OPEN AT ONE END, FORMING A WELL-CONCEALED POCKET.  
 10. THE WRONG PARCEL GAME.—THE THIEF SEES A PACKAGE DELIVERED AT A HOUSE, WAITS HALF-A-MINUTE, THEN SENDS A BOY WITH A VALUELESS PACKAGE, TO SAY THAT A WRONG PARCEL WAS LEFT AND MAKE AN EXCHANGE.  
 11. THE LAPSEL AS A POCKET.—THE BOTTOM OF THE REVERS IS SEWN TO THE COAT, FORMING A POCKET FOR JEWELLERY.

5. "A MISTAKE, MADAM."—THE THIEF SEES SOMEONE LEAVE A BANK, POSES AS A CLERK, SAYING A MISTAKE HAS BEEN MADE, GETS HOLD OF THE MONEY THAT THE ERROR MAY BE RECTIFIED—AND BOLTS—HOW IT IS DONE!  
 11. THE BOWLER'S IMPROPER USE.—THE HAT IS FITTED WITH A TRAP-DOOR RECEPTACLE FOR STOLEN GOODS.  
 17. THE SOLE OF THE THIEF.—THE BOOT ON THE LEFT HAS A FALSE BOTTOM AND WILL HOLD VALUABLES. THESE ARE SLIPPED INTO IT THROUGH A SPRINGED FLAP—HERE CHALKED, THAT ITS POSITION MAY BE SEEN.

6. THE BELT TRICK.—THE THIEF'S BELT IS FASTENED TO HIS CLOTHING AT THE BOTTOM AND IS LOOKED AT THE TOP. THINGS STOLEN ARE SLIPPED BETWEEN THE WAISCOAT BUTTONS AND REST IN THE "BELT" AS IN A TROUGH.  
 12. STEALING SILK.—THE ARTICLE IS BRING DRAWN UP FROM THE FLOOR BY MEANS OF A STRING AND CLIP WORKED FROM A POCKET, AND WILL BE HIDDEN BY THE COAT.  
 18. THE HOOK IN THE CROOK'S FLOWER.—IN THIS ARTIFICIAL ROSE A HOOK IS FIXED; ON THIS A STOLEN RING MAY BE HUNG TO REMAIN HIDDEN BY THE PETALS.

# THE LITERARY LOUNGER

\* ÜBER-MARIONETTES AND OTHER MATTERS OF MOMENT.



BY EDWARD GORDON CRAIG: "HAMLET,"  
ACT I., SCENE IV."

"It was this design," says Mr. Craig, "which I carried over to Germany in 1904, when I first went to Weimar at the invitation of Count Kessler. . . . If we had even one such enthusiast of like culture and practical energy in England, the Theatre would be in a more living condition than it is to-day."

Reproduced from "On the Art of the Theatre," by Courtesy of the Author, and of the Publisher, Mr. Heinemann.

of the occurrence in a P.S., which, like so many of its kind, provides the pith of the communication. "The first moment I thought I was in heaven. I thought, 'At last they have discovered the Art of the Theatre.' But no, they have not got so far with the Art. Queer! but the clue is in that very *Sprechen streng verboten*." This under the date "1908." In a paper written at the period he pursues the same idea. "Acting is not an art," he says. "It is therefore incorrect to speak of the actor as an artist. . . . The Theatre will continue its growth, and actors will continue for some years to hinder its development. But I see a loophole by which in time the actors can escape from the bondage they are in. They must create for themselves a new form of acting; consisting for the main part of symbolical gesture. . . . Do away with the real tree, do away with the reality of delivery, do away with the reality of action, and you tend towards the doing away with the actor. . . . Do away with the actor, and you do away with the means by which a debased stage-realism is produced and flourishes. No longer would there be a living figure to confuse us into connecting actuality and art. . . . The actor must go, and in his place comes the inanimate figure—the Über-marionette we may call him." Then follow an explanation, a defence, and an appreciation of puppets. "Am I mistaken, or is it not the old Greek Traveller of 800 B.C., who, describing a visit to the temple-theatre in Thebes, tells us that he was won to their beauty by their 'noble artificiality'? . . . Who knows whether the puppet shall not once again become the faithful medium for the beautiful thoughts of the artist. . . . Then shall we no longer be under the cruel influence of the emotional confessions of weakness which are nightly witnessed by the people. . . . To that end we must study to remake these images—no longer content with a puppet, we must create an über-marionette. The über-marionette will not compete with life—rather will it go beyond it. Its ideal will not be the flesh and blood, but rather the body in trance—it will aim to clothe itself with a death-like beauty while exhaling a living spirit." So does Mr. Gordon Craig support the reported saying of Napoleon: "In life there is much that is unworthy which in art should be omitted; much of doubt and vacillation; and all should disappear in the representation of the hero. *We should see him as a statue in which the weakness and the tremors of the flesh are no longer perceptible.*"

\* "On the Art of the Theatre." By Edward Gordon Craig. With Illustrations Selected from his Collection of Designs for Stage Scenes and Costumes. (Heinemann. 6s. net.)

The Going Über- through the Marion- stage- ette. door of the Artists' Theatre of Munich, Mr. Gordon Craig saw there the words, "Sprechen streng verboten" — that is, "Speaking Strictly Forbidden." He writes

The Theatre the Theatre's Inspiration.

It need hardly be said that Mr. Craig finds the Theatre as it now is utterly wrong. With "realism" as at present imagined he will have nothing to do. But that it is necessary for him who would serve the stage to know every phase of it he has not the slightest doubt. "Go where they are painting the scenes," he advises, "go where they are twisting the electric wires for the lamps; go beneath the stage and look at the elaborate constructions; go up over the stage and ask for information about the ropes and the wheels; but while you are learning all this about the theatre and about acting be very careful to remember that outside the world of the Theatre you will find greater inspiration than inside it: I mean in Nature. The other sources of inspiration are music and architecture. I tell you this because you will not have it told you by your manager. In the Theatre they study from the Theatre. They take the Theatre as their source of inspiration."

To See— Of the playgoer he says: "The

people still flock to see, not to hear plays. But what does that prove? Only that the audiences have not altered. They are there with their thousand pairs of eyes, just the same as of old. And this is all the more extraordinary because the playwrights and the plays have altered. No longer is a play a balance of acting, words, dance, and scene, but it is either all words or all scene. Shakespeare's plays, for instance, are a very different thing to the less modern miracle and mystery plays, which were made entirely for the theatre. 'Hamlet' has not the nature of a stage representation. 'Hamlet,' and the other plays of Shakespeare, have so vast and so complete a form when read, that they can but lose heavily when presented to us after having undergone stage treatment." Thus we touch a point or two in an absorbing work, a volume none may miss who has interest in the Art of the Theatre, for which Mr. Gordon



BY EDWARD GORDON CRAIG: "THE MASQUE OF LONDON—WAPPING OLD STAIRS."

"Quite an impossible scene," writes Mr. Craig; "that is to say, impossible to realise on a stage. But I wanted to know for once what it felt like to be mounting up impossible ladders and beckoning to people to come up after me."

Reproduced from Mr. Craig's "On the Art of the Theatre," by Courtesy of the Author, and of the Publisher, Mr. William Heinemann.

Craig has so unquestionable a genius. Has not its author, in the words of Dr. Hevesi, "discovered for us that in a rope-dancer there may be more theatrical art than in an up-to-date actor reciting from his memory and depending on his prompter"? Is he not a "producer" who has attained the highest merit?



BY EDWARD GORDON CRAIG: "HUNGER," A DRAMA.  
THE PROLOGUE."

"I once wrote, or rather constructed, a drama called 'Hunger.' . . . It is wrong for the poor and hungry to be shown a vision of themselves and their misery—but it is not entirely wrong to show it to a few people who might, if they once saw, do something to make Hunger less general. . . . In my Drama the Hunger of the Poor and the Hunger of the Rich were placed side by side. And the King or man of God stood apart—and no one could tell us what he felt—as it always was and always will be."

Reproduced from "On the Art of the Theatre," by Courtesy of the Author, and of the Publisher, Mr. Heinemann.



THE SHARE-OUT SEASON HAS BEGUN!



PORTRAIT OF A GENTLEMAN UNANIMOUSLY ELECTED TREASURER OF A SLATE CLUB.

DRAWN BY ALFRED LEE.



# A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

## GOING HOME.

By E. C. DAWSON.

"THE shortest day," said Edward, glancing at the date on the morning paper.

"We shall see two shortest days this year—and sample two winters," I responded.

"Yes, if you call this winter," Edward replied.

The day was typical South African June: blazing sunshine, clear air, vivid, almost brazen, blue sky. Along the stoep where we sat at breakfast grenadillas twined the lattice thick and close; the prevailing south-east wind wafted fugitive scents across the garden; far down, the boundary wall was hidden by aloes in flower, scarlet and yellow, like rows of torches ablaze. For background there was the unfailing green of cypress and gum-trees.

Only the poinsettias showed bare brown boughs, and each of these was tipped with a gorgeous scarlet star. Truly it was winter, if, as Edward said, you could call it that; there was indisputable chilliness in the morning air; but a row of spring bulbs showed grass-like shoots and the sheaths of the Madonna lilies were some inches above the-earth. Other eyes would behold their glory; in October, when the flowers unfolded, we should be gone.

"We're leaving all this—for good. I'm sorry we've decided to go home," I said suddenly.

"There is no drawing back now; the house is sold over our heads. And anyway, it was your idea," Edward responded.

"Ah, but you backed me up," I reminded him. "You said ten years of Port Elizabeth and the produce business had turned you grey, and you wanted to golf again on an English course, and see the next championship played for, and look in at the old club—"

"Yes, yes," assented Edward comfortably. "Provided one can afford it, each of them is a sufficient reason for going home."

My own savoured even more completely of the homesick brand. I longed to see London lighted, and Folkestone in its August zenith; Christmas as the annuals portray it, and the coming of English spring.

So Edward was retiring from active interest in the firm into sleeping partnership. And we were going home.

He read out the list of homeward-bound steamers from the shipping-list. "I booked our passages yesterday," he said. "Oh, and by the way, the auctioneer people will be up to see you this morning. Fix up the furniture sale for early next week, and we'll put up at the hotel till the boat sails."

He pushed out his chair, and, walking to the railing of the stoep, picked a bud from a climbing-rose bush. "The last rose—of winter," he said. "I wonder—shall we regret all this, six months hence, when we're huddled over roaring coal fires?"

I moved beside him and looked out upon the garden.

"I am wondering that same thing," I said.

"Ah, well," he rejoined, with finality, "everything's fixed. Getting late now; I must be off to office. Send the stable-boy with the trap at one-thirty, and set that lazy brute Joseph to mow the lawn."

In the circumstances, the mowing of the lawn hardly mattered; but I searched out the garden-boy and found him assiduously weeding beside the stoep.

"You must mow the lawn to-day, Joseph," I said.

He toyed with his cap, a vivid thing of blue-and-yellow bars.

"But the Missis is going away," he ventured.

No one had told him we were going, but he knew. In the pursuit of his calling he found endless opportunities for eaves-dropping about the windows and stoep, and availed himself with an artlessness that disarmed criticism.

"And the Missis is never coming back, nor the Boss," he pursued.

"No, we are not coming back," I responded; and his face fell.

He was just the average Kaffir, with the average failings. He lazed and he lied, and over-stayed his week-end leave on the location as a matter of course. But he served us according to his lights. Now he, too, seemed to sense the tragedy of passing things.

"Then the Missis won't see the freesias come up, that the Missis planted?"

"No," I said shortly. "Did you hear what I said about the lawn? Mow it to-day, and mow it properly, Joseph, if you hope for a character from me. Last time the edges were uneven."

"Missis Morrison want a garden-boy," observed Joseph mournfully. Then his teeth flashed in a sudden joyous grin. "No croquet-lawn at Missis Morrison's."

For the moment, Ernest Barker and the jackhangers were in undisputed possession of the lawn. The latter were strutting about the grass, and Barker was chasing them. He never caught one, and the jackhangers knew that he never would. When his jaws were within an ace of their tail-feathers, they flew airily into the trees, leaving him to vent his chagrin in sharp, indignant yelps.

Sometimes, by way of compensation, I played a game of bone with Ernest. It is played with any number of bones and one dog. You hide and he finds, *ad infinitum*; then, when your patience gives out, he transfers them all to a charnel-house of his own behind the Cape gooseberry-bushes.

Ernest Barker is mine by adoption—or, to state the case more explicitly, I am his, as the result of a casual encounter in the Park.

"What a perfect Airedale!" I had observed to Edward. "So much character in the head!"

The then owner of Barker had overheard.

"Character, Madam?" he echoed. "Why, the brute hasn't even common intelligence. He was offered me a week ago, as a watch-dog, by a friend who went up-country. He keeps off the coloured loafers, but he takes pieces out of legitimate tradespeople as well. The rest of the time he devotes to burying his beastly bones in my flower-beds and sleeping in my wife's drawing-room. I've thrashed him till I'm tired, and it makes no more impression than if he were a skin hearthrug."

"Poor beast!" I said.

Ernest Barker came towards me with a shy, sad, sidelong waggle of his beaten body. I stooped down; he laid his head on my lap.

His was the higher intelligence, alive to the subtlest inflection of a tone, the flicker of an eyelid.

We went on our way; he followed, despite Edward's persistent efforts to send him back. He dined with us and spent the evening in the drawing-room, and slept the night on the stoep.

Next morning the late owner gracefully clinched matters by sending round Barker's pedigree, with his compliments.

Thenceforward Barker became my shadow, blended insolence with adoration and waywardness with comprehensive devotion.

In the middle of the last game we were fated to play together the auctioneer was announced.

He was a small, bald man with a flexible voice and a bland, somewhat blasé manner.

The householder naturally regards the selling-up of his home as of epoch-making importance; to Mr. Bowker other people's epochs

[Continued overleaf.]



# THE SPEAKERS !



THE MUCH-BELOVED (*touring a problem play of popular type*): My God, she weeps! To what further lengths can this virus of jealousy drive women?



THE INQUISITIVE OLD LADY: Guard, why did the train stop before we came to the station?  
 THE GUARD: Ran over a pig, Mum.  
 THE INQUISITIVE OLD LADY: What, was it on the line?  
 THE GUARD: No—oh, no; we chased it up the embankment!

were mere phases, calculated at an inadequate profit of so much per cent. on the proceeds.

He made the round of the house with me. At intervals some exceptional piece of furniture roused him to fleeting professional enthusiasm. He stroked the grand piano and cast appraising eyes at a Chippendale cabinet.

"All good stuff," he said; "really quite excellent. I can promise you a first-rate sale. Now, what day shall we say? Not Monday, English mail-day; the men are too busy to come. Besides, it means a Saturday view, and that doesn't do, either. They knock off early for golf. Why not Wednesday? That gives Tuesday, a slack day, to view. They'll look in at leisure and leave their bids with the dealers, those of them that are too sensible to trust their wives. Very good, Wednesday—display advertisements in the daily paper at the end of this week. I shall be up on Monday with my assistant to get things lotted. I need not trouble you to vacate before then. Tuesday, have a sharp-eyed caretaker on the place. Wednesday, at ten sharp—the Sale."

It happened as he foretold; Monday brought back Mr. Bowker and an assistant armed with a paste-pot and endless slips of paper.

They dabbed these on every movable article in every room, and in an hour or two the house took on an aspect entirely new, though virtually nothing was changed.

So with the garden: the assistant set down the paste-pot and lotted the lawn-mower, the roller, the croquet-set. Ernest Barker took the opportunity to sample the paste.

The assistant retaliated by dabbing Lot 443 across Barker's tail.

It was then that the problem of Barker flashed suddenly upon us.

"What about the quarantine?" I said blankly to Edward.

"By Jove! Six months of it!" he exclaimed. "The poor beast will fret himself to death without us—in a strange place."

"I won't have him quarantined," I rejoined.

"My dear girl, you're talking nonsense," Edward replied. "How do you propose to smuggle him past the authorities? The kindest thing you can do is to leave him behind, in a place he knows—and a climate he's been born and bred in. He'll be miserable for a day or two, and then forget us. We'll offer him to Morrison—the Morrisons have no children; Ernest will be their child. And besides, they're taking on Joseph, so it won't be like sending the dog among total strangers."

Edward approached the Morrisons there and then over the telephone. They accepted Barker with enthusiasm.

Thus casually are destinies decided.

The moment came.

Joseph, attired in his holiday clothes and a pair of squeaking yellow boots, awaited his final orders. A discarded panama of Edward's was tucked under his right arm; under the left bulged an unsightly parcel containing Ernest Barker's personal effects—a brush and comb and dog-soap, and a battered leathern lead.

Ernest was dozing at my feet; I prodded him gently, and spoke with guile. "There's Joseph—go for a run with him."

Barker rose with elation and heaved himself across the stoep towards Joseph. But Joseph did not go. He fidgeted uneasily in the yellow boots, and finally spoke. "Won't the Missis say good-bye to him?" he asked.

A vague discomposure seized me. How do you say good-bye to that which deifies and defies you—with the brute's dumb trust in immutable, beneficent Man? The briefest banality served. "Good-bye, old dog; go with Joseph," I said.

Joseph turned on his heel, quite satisfied. Ernest Barker bounded after him to the gate.

"Joseph, be good to him," I called, in sudden panic.

Some unfamiliar note in my voice reached Barker. He returned with swift leaps and licked my hand.

"Oh, my dear, go!" I said, and closed the door.

"The beginning of the end," said Edward, as we set about packing our cabin-trunks.

A dozen times I paused; the wind drifted dried leaves and twigs across the stoep; it sounded akin to the patter of stealthy paws. I listened for the peremptory heave of a soft, strong body against the door.

Once Edward was deceived. "I could have sworn I heard him then," he said. "It's difficult to realise he has really gone."

"Yes, he's gone," I rejoined—"only into the next road, but just as effectually gone as if it was the next planet."

Forthwith I favoured Edward with torrential tears.

Within the next hour Barker burst, panting, through the French-windows. Two-thirds of the leather lead dangled from his collar. He laid himself out beside us and chewed the end placidly when he had recovered his wind.

"We must keep him now till we sail—take him round with us to the hotel," I stipulated.

"It's only prolonging the agony," Edward replied, with a shrug of the shoulders. He realised that the worst was yet to come.

Joseph awaited us in the vestibule with the remainder of the lead in his hand. His summary of events was brief and explosive.

"I tied him up in the wood-shed—the new Boss tell me. Barker, he break loose. The new Boss call me a dam' careless nigger."

"So you are," replied Edward unsympathetically. "There's five shillings. Go and buy him a chain. Come round for him to the hotel on Saturday at half-past two. We go by the three o'clock tug."

The Morrisons were painfully apologetic; they had deputed Ernest to the wood-shed because it adjoined the garden-boy's hut. They thought he would feel more at home there, for a night or two, in proximity to Joseph. They promised him the run of the house on his return. We lunched with them daily, with the idea of accustoming Ernest to his new surroundings. He suffered the Morrisons' advances with indifference that could only be stigmatised as blighting.

At two-thirty on Saturday afternoon our baggage was piled on the hotel 'bus for conveyance to the jetty.

Joseph put in a punctual appearance, patting his pocket. "It's in here, Boss," he said.

"Don't attempt to put the chain on Barker till—I've gone," I said. I turned to Edward. "You see to it—he'll take it better from you—and come on afterwards."

For the second time I omitted to take formal leave of Ernest Barker. Edward's voice reached me, in affectionate colloquy with him, as I entered the 'bus and drove away.

From the jetty I boarded the tug moored alongside. In a little while Edward joined me, having followed on foot.

"Well?" I said.

Edward attempted dissimulation. "Joseph is taking him straight back; I saw them well started," he began.

"But there was trouble?" I persisted.

"Well, there was bound to be at first. Of course, he wanted to follow me. I had to run for it, for fear of losing the tug —"

Even as he spoke we descried Barker, with his nose to the ground, making his way down the jetty. Part of the chain dangled at his collar; the broken links clanked as he moved.

He nosed his way unerringly to the landing-stage and down the damp, spray-washed steps. There the scent failed him and he doubled on the track, bewildered.

"For goodness' sake don't call to him," muttered Edward; "it's kinder not. Even if we could take him straight on board without any preliminaries, there would be the same sad business at the other end, leaving him in quarantine. Look, there's Joseph on the trail, and Morrison, too. Ernest will tire himself out hunting for us, and cotton up to them when he finds we've really gone."

"Oh, why, why —" I began, and the futility of the remark I was about to make rushed on me, together with a vaguely defined pity for Edward. He wore the discomfited air of a man who feels himself on the verge of a scene. In a measure it was due to him also that we had elected to go home.

We remained with our gaze glued to the jetty; dock-hands were lowering light baggage by crane into the tug; everywhere there were bare-footed Kaffirs shouting, pushing, pulling, and over them a burly white foreman roaring command.

Near us a rusty old lighter was anchored and deserted; half-a-dozen gulls brooded silently on her spars and deck. Suddenly the tug sounded a warning hoot from her siren; the gulls swarmed, startled and shrieking, into the air.

In a happier hour Barker would have followed their flight with yelps of ecstatic chagrin; now he never raised his head from that patient, distressful nosing about the jetty and the head of the steps.

The tug strained and creaked at her cable; we were casting off. Barker prowled, sniffing around the stanchion as the rope paid out. With a kick, one of the dock-hands sent him flying.

I screamed at the man in agonised rage. Barker heard; with a howl of recognition he bounded to the rail of the jetty and descried us upon the tug.

In that instant we swung clear of the platform; a widening-lane of water showed between.

Barker leaped and fell short into the backwash churned by the propeller. A sudden tinge of red showed on the muddy froth. He had struck the piles of the landing-stage in falling.

He rose to the surface; a man flung himself face downwards on the platform; his outstretched hand gripped Barker by the collar, raised him slowly at arm's length, and swung him inwards.

For a second's space he hung there in mid-air, all bleeding and dripping and dejected. I cried to him desperately; his tail made feeble response.

I struggled to the side of the tug, fighting Edward's iron, restraining grip on my arm, and again I cried wildly to Barker. His tail moved, his ears pricked spasmodically, then his head dropped suddenly to one side.

A man leaned out of the wheel-house and addressed me. "Put back, if you want, Mum," he said.

I shook my head; he showed unmistakable relief. "Right you are," he said. "That dog was as dead as he'll ever be by the time they got him on to the jetty."

Edward's voice sounded huskily incoherent in my ear.

"Oh, Lord . . . my poor girl . . . be brave . . . what the dickens does everyone mean by staring? . . . Never knew such a self-willed beast . . . game to the last . . . absolutely top hole . . . if we'd guessed there was such a price to pay . . . my poor darling, for God's sake, don't cry. . . ."

THE END.





# ON THE LINKS

By HENRY LEACH.

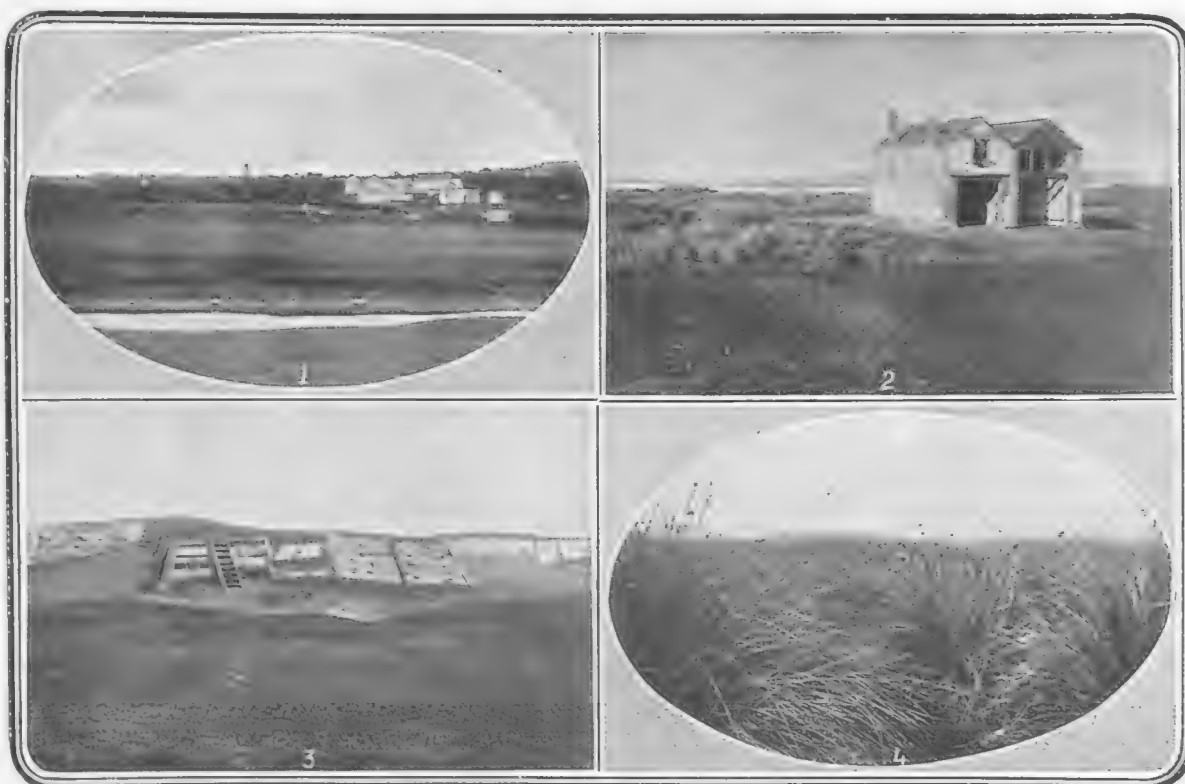
## Features of Westward Ho!

All the really great golf-courses of the world have their own strong features, their peculiarities—one might almost call them eccentricities. They give to the courses their own special individuality, making them distinct from all others. So when one comes to study the links of Westward Ho! on which the next amateur championship will take place, one comes naturally to ask what are its features, quite apart from all its numerous and special qualities—its beautiful turf, the excellence of its putting-greens, its splendid drive and pitch holes, and many others—for there is hardly a course that has more of them. At the very first glance, on the first round one plays there, one might think the course lacking in individuality, but very soon that utterly wrong impression is blotted out: you realise that the individualism of Westward Ho! is very strong indeed. Good! Then what are the features of Westward Ho!—those that appeal to the multitude, and the merely curious rather than to the careful critics? One of them is the superlative excellence and strong character of its set of four short holes—four, which are coming to be regarded as the proper number for a first-class course in these days, being more than there are on any other course on which the championship has been played. Here, at Westward Ho! they come in at numbers five, eight, fourteen, and sixteen; and of these the fifth, first-named, is a new one, while the last has hitherto been regarded as the best of the bunch and a really great short hole, which it is. But the new one—a magnificent thing of one hundred and seventy yards, with the green perched up on high ground, bunkers all round it, and the most fearsome broken ground all the way from the tee—is a very great short hole, and in many respects it may challenge the supremacy of the last one-shot hole of the round. Another feature of the course, a subtle one, and one which plays the dickens with your calculations until you become thoroughly accustomed to it, is the system of duplicate bunkers guarding the greens, especially at the drive and iron holes. In several cases you see one bunker in front of you, and then the fluttering flag some way beyond, and that seems enough. If you remembered the little you had found out about the course before, or even had taken the proper trouble to look about you carefully, you would know that, a few yards beyond that bunker, still closer to the green, is another of a somewhat similar kind, with just a nice patch of grass in between. As it is, not knowing this, you pitch just clear of the first bunker, and your ball then skips into the second.

## A Gigantic Bunker.

But a more outstanding feature of the course is the one great bunker that comes in chiefly at the fourth hole, but the suburbs of which have something to do with the play at others. It begins right in front of you as you stand on the tee, and it stretches away to a point some hundred and seventy yards distant, representing the longest carry, where it is shored up by sleepers. In between it is a sandy waste; but it is not all pure bunker, for there are nice green patches, and there is one of them close up to the distant edge, for which the short drivers sometimes deliberately play. All this makes up one of the biggest and grandest hazards in the whole world of golf, and in some respects it is to be accounted as superior to the famous Cardinal of Prestwick, particularly as the latter is no longer a danger to any player who is not in the least afflicted with nerves.

There is one specially curious little feature about this Devonshire affair. The carry of a hundred and seventy yards represents a mighty big thing if there is a puff of wind against you; but right in the middle of what we might call the landing-stage, a sleepered and grass-topped projection reaches out towards you for some twenty yards or more, and is about that width. They call it the "duffer's knob," but a man is not necessarily a duffer who plays for it. You will perceive that if he hits his



1. WITH THE STREAM WHICH GUARDS IT: THE 18TH GREEN (AND THE CLUB-HOUSE).

3. SHOWING THE "DUFFER'S KNOB" PROJECTING FORWARDS AND SHORTENING THE CARRY FOR A STRAIGHT-HIT BALL: PART OF THE GREAT BUNKER.

2. THE DISMANTLED LIFEBOAT HOUSE BESIDE WHICH A NEW GREEN FOR THE 7TH HOLE HAS BEEN MADE.

4. SIX FEET HIGH IN PLACES AND SHARP! THE FAMOUS RUSHES.

TO BE THE SCENE OF THE NEXT AMATEUR CHAMPIONSHIP: WESTWARD HO! GOLF COURSE—SOME OF ITS FEATURES.

tee-shot straight and true for this kindly arm which is extended to him, he cuts off something considerable from that very long carry. It is an excellent institution.

## The Famous Rushes.

But whoever talks of the features of Westward Ho! without mentioning its famous rushes? They are celebrated the world over. Some little while since, the conclusion was solemnly arrived at that Nature had rather overdone this rushes business in her ingenious contrivance of difficulties and perplexities for the golfers of Westward Ho! and so large quantities of them have been removed. Golfers who have not been there for a long time may imagine that more have been removed than is the case, for very many remain—oh, so very many! There are square miles of them, but these do not come into the play. One or two corners of the great forest do so, and for the rest, little detached plantations of rushes do so at other places. Such rushes! They are often six feet high. They are stout and steely and their points are as sharp as needles. When your wayward ball gets among them, as it sometimes does, there is work to be done which is unpleasant in more senses than one. Westward Ho! would not be quite the same without its rushes. They are bound up with the traditions of the place.

# FRIVOLITIES OF PHRYNETTE

## OUR MUTUAL FRIEND.

By MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN.

Author of "Phrynette and London."

IT'S not often that I have the joy to surprise anyone. I was born too late. Most things were discovered, most news old, before I began to realise that everything was possible. But to-day I have something up my sleeve strange enough to flabbergast the most mummified and musty of old librarians. Why librarians? Because they are the people least likely to be flabbergasted. To begin with, they are old, and it's not easy to astonish old age—"it has seen other things," as the French say. Then one might as well try and give a wrinkle or two to a dictionary as to a librarian. Open the former and look up the latter: librarian in Latin, vermis, inarticulate animal, of long shape, with soft body, feeds on paper, leather, and other dry matter, to be found in dark and close precincts, resents the intrusion of human beings, and shows same by turning his back on them—hence the expression about the worm that turns. Tut, tut! don't tell me it's not there; you haven't looked properly. Don't bother: instead I will tell you my surprise.

You thought, all England thought, that—to quote from the letter published by Lord Burnham the other day—"Dickens was a writer who, dying, left no line to blot, and whose works might, without any forethought, be placed in the hands of young and old indiscriminately." Ah, that's what you thought! Well, in France we expurgate Dickens!! Voilà, that's my surprise for you.

When I was in college most of my prizes were translations from dear Dickens. To say that I appreciated them would be a very tame expression—I revelled in them. Even now I could recite by heart whole pages of Dickens—in French. But I did not think much of his *esprit de suite*. "Dombey and Son" I remember as particularly lacking in sequence. The smiling Carker, by the book, was a villain; I asked nothing better than to believe it; but even a child cannot take villainy so much for granted. There was an atmosphere of sinister mystery about Carker, but he and his doings remained a mystery throughout in the expurgated edition. Unable to conceive that whole pages were missing from my precious prize-books, I merely imagined that dear Dickens had become somewhat *distracted* now and then, but that did not prevent me from loving him. One loves Dickens first and admires him afterwards, and analyses him not at all.

The word "dear" comes to one naturally when speaking of Dickens. You could not say "dear Thomas Hardy," nor "dear Zola"—they are Masters who awe us not a little, and keep us at a distance. Dickens is a Master, but he is a pal as well. There is no art in his genius; it's all of the warm, naïve, homely kind, and so we say *dear* Dickens, with a little tender smile—the same smile with which we speak of that lovable, dear old grandmother whom we knew only for a short while. She could tell ghost stories that made you thrill and look over your shoulder

in the dark. She could make tarts for which no one else had the recipe; she wore a snuff-coloured poplin dress, and wonderful earrings that had made long slits in her ears. If she lived now you would be, no doubt, condescendingly charming to her; you would listen to anecdotes of the Second Empire with smiling patience; and perhaps—if you had time—you would frighten her by your narrow shaves in ski-jumping. As I said, you have known her very little, but you are nicer for having known her. Dear old grandmother! dear old Dickens!

If you were to ask the first Frenchman you meet to tell you the names of some English writers, pat would come all in one breath, "Shakespeare, Dickens, Conan Doyle." He does not know many others, but these he knows well. If you give him more time, he will add, perhaps, Mayne Reid; if you still wait, he will come out with Captain Marryat; if he sees you are still expectant he will twirl his moustache dubiously and tentatively—"Lor Beerong," he will say. Shakespeare he has probably not read, but has seen Sarah Bernhardt in "Hamlet"; Conan Doyle has fascinated him in *Le Matin* and elsewhere; and dear old Dickens, whom he knows best, has rewarded his efforts as a studious schoolboy.

"David Copperfield" is the great favourite with French readers, then "Pickwick," then "Dombey and Son," then the "Christmas Carol." The others are less liked, perhaps because less known. I have not read the "Christmas Carol" since I was a child. I dare not. I fear to find that delicious creepiness gone, that uncanny world of ghosts and foreign people probed and familiar. That acute sensation of fear was too genuine in my childhood days to be repeated, now that I am a commonplace unbeliever who writes for the papers. The truth is I am spoilt for the "Christmas Carol"—I prefer to remember the dear creatures of fog, chimes, and ghostland exactly as I knew them. Poor little "Teenee Tim"! I never dreaded any friend's death as I did his; thank God he did not die, it would have broken Bob Cratchit's heart. What a chilly mortal was that Bob Cratchit! Tell me, does he still wear his muffler and his mittens?

I feel sure my sister Suzanne still remembers the "Christmas Carol." In those sincere days of youth—when to have a grudge against anyone meant to punish that one—when I had quarrelled with Suzanne, I used to nurse my revenge until we were tucked into our narrow, adjoining little beds, and the light was removed from the room; then I would say, in a dreadful whisper, "Suzanne, look, here comes Marley, 'as dead as a door-nail.' Ah! Ah!" thereby frightening myself so much that I stayed even longer than she under the bedclothes in delightful awe.

Dear old Dickens! Now, all together with Tiny Tim—A happy Christmas to you all, even to miserly old Scrooge and his descendants!



WITH HER TWO SONS: THE QUEEN OF SPAIN, WHO GAVE BIRTH TO A DAUGHTER LAST WEEK, WITH PRINCE JAIME AND THE PRINCE OF THE ASTURIAS.



THE ROYAL CHILDREN WHO HAVE A NEW SISTER: THE PRINCE OF THE ASTURIAS, PRINCESS BEATRICE, AND PRINCE JAIME OF SPAIN.

The Queen of Spain gave birth to a daughter last week. The Infanta is her Majesty's fifth child. The Prince of the Asturias was born on May 10, 1907; Prince Jaime, on June 23, 1908; and Princess Beatrice on June 22, 1909. A fourth child, born last year, did not survive its birth. The newly born Infanta was presented early on the morning of her birth with the usual ceremonial.—[Photos, by Franzen.]



# THE WHEEL AND THE WING

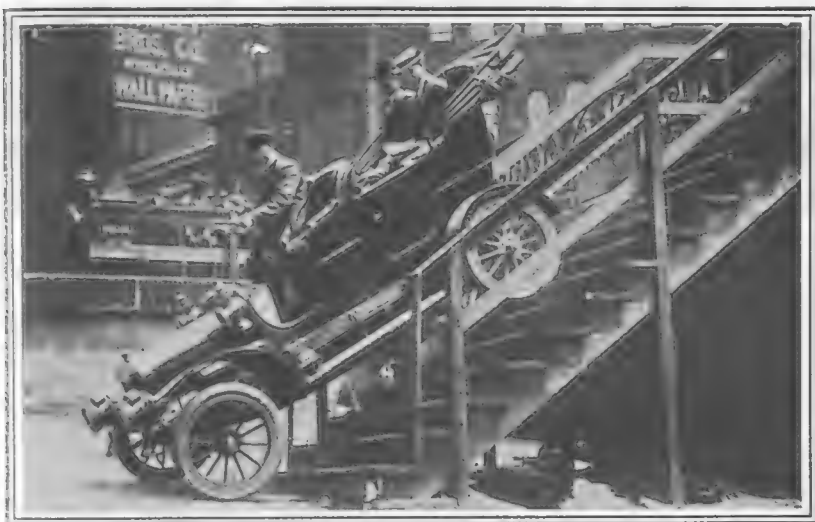
## Much Speed, Little Engine.

The Vauxhall Motor Company have certainly gone far to solve the problem, "how to make much out of little." For a four-cylinder engine, the stroke and bore of which are 90 mm. and 120 mm. (which, Englished, is just under 3 9-16 inches by a little short of 4 3/4 inches) cannot be described as a big power unit. Yet, by design, adjustment, and tuning up they succeeded on Wednesday, Dec. 6, in annexing all the 15.9-h.p. Brooklands records, achieving some really startling speeds, although the much-coveted 100 miles per hour is yet unattained. Going for the existing records held by the 15.9-h.p. Singer, the Vauxhall car covered a whole lap at a speed of 94 1/2 miles per hour, a flying half-mile at 97.3 miles per hour, a flying kilometre at 96.4 miles per hour, and a flying mile at 94.7 miles per hour. The previous bests, held by the Singer car, were all below

were obtained, and he was even more emphatic than the folks at Westminster. The Public Control Committee, again, recommended that the application be not made. Nevertheless, the thing is going forward, and the inquiry, unless Mr. John Burns takes a common-sense view and refuses it, will be held without any hope of obtaining the imposition of the limit, and the ratepayers' money and time, and the time and money of the R.A.C. and the A.A., will be wasted because of the insistence of certain wrong-headed members of the Council who are keen to flout their own Committee.

## Spoiling the United Front.

The National Automobile Council is now in existence, and will commence its deliberations on the vexed question of motor legislation at an early date. The bodies represented on this council include all the important associations connected with the industry and the pastime with the exception of one. The abstaining body is the Automobile Association—a great, a powerful, and a useful organisation, but not so great, powerful, and useful that it should remain outside the great Automobile Council, and give the enemy the opportunity of suggesting that, even at the eleventh hour, these motorists be disunited. At present the Council will be formed of delegates from the following important bodies representing all sorts and conditions of motoring interests. Not in the order of importance, but alphabetically they run: the Auto-Cycle Union, the Commercial Motor Users' Association, the Irish Automobile Club, the Institute of British Carriage Manufacturers, the Institution of Automobile Engineers, the London Motor Cab Proprietors' Association, the London Omnibus Owners' Federation, the R.A.C. and Associated Clubs, the Scottish Automobile Club, and the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders.



COMING DOWN IN THE WORLD! DRIVING DOWN THE SUPERIOR STREET VIADUCT STEPS AT CLEVELAND.

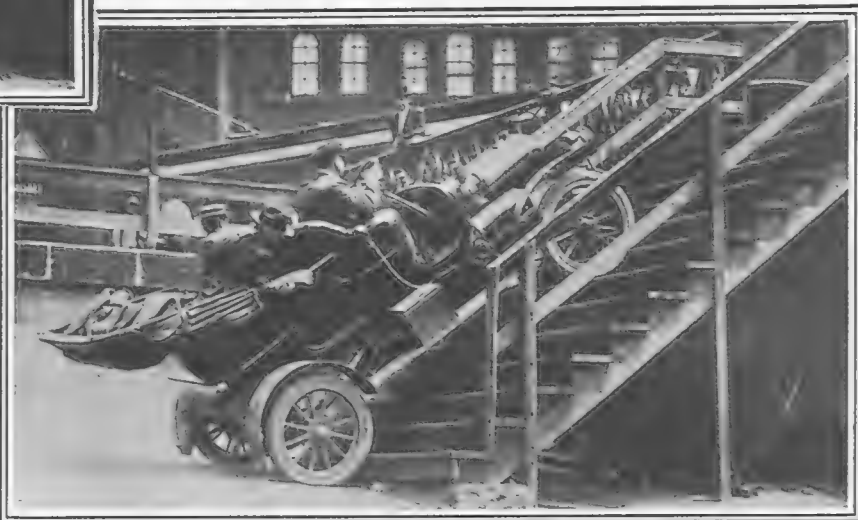
90 miles per hour, with the exception of the flying half-mile, which was covered at 90.04 miles per hour. Of course, the century is the ultimate goal of the Vauxhall firm, and seeing the substantial beatings given the Singer figures, I should not be surprised to see the consummation of their hopes on the first really favourable day. It just wants the car to hurry 2 1/2 miles per hour faster over the flying half-mile to do the trick.

## Committee Wiser than Council.

The good, sound sense which would appear to permeate the Public Control Committee of the London County Council has not yet filtered down to the Council proper, for just lately the Council were inconsiderate and discourteous enough to reverse the recommendations of their Committee to the effect that applications should not be made for reduced speed-limits on certain roads at Putney, Balham, Tooting, and Kensington. In these matters the Council has followed the course adopted in the case of applications for equal restrictions on certain roads in Highgate, Swiss Cottage, Streatham, and Westminster, in all of which cases the Public Control Committee reported against the proposals. Until quite recently the London County Council consistently advocated the proper enforcement of Section 1 of the Motor-Car Act as an alternative to reduced speed-limits, so that this sudden volte-face on the part of the principal body is somewhat difficult to account for, as in some instances it has been decided to make applications in direct opposition to the opinions of the Commissioner of Police and the Borough Councils having jurisdiction over the roads affected.

## Westminster's Opinion Flouted.

A notable instance is the application for a speed-limit on roads which are within the territory of the Westminster City Council. The matter was raised in a letter addressed to the London County Council. The Westminster County Council were consulted, and gave their opinion that the present law with regard to dangerous driving (Section 1 of the Motor-Car Act) afforded greater protection than any reduced speed-limit. The views of the Commissioner of Police



RIISING IN THE WORLD! DRIVING A FRICTION-DRIVEN CAR UP THE SUPERIOR STREET VIADUCT STEPS AT CLEVELAND.

UP STAIRS AND DOWN STAIRS—AND IN MY LADY'S MOTOR.

Photographs by Illustrations Bureau.

## Germans Boycott the Grand Prix.

The resolve on the part of the German automobile manufacturers to boycott the Grand Prix races which it is proposed to hold in France in June next surely comes with a very bad grace when one recalls the immense commercial kudos obtained by German victories in races organised on French soil and thrown open to the world. Having regard to the business which must have followed the Mercedes wins in past events, their abstention under the circumstances seems hardly credible. The Germans appear to forget to what they owe the success of the Kaiser Cup in 1907, and how flat that race would have fallen but for the enthusiastic support of *L'Auto* and George Lefevre. But, however things may turn out, the boycotters will find that France will be able to engineer a big race without them; and once the race is over, they will be chagrined that they did not take part. It is gratifying to find that the names of Sunbeam and Calthorpe cars are inscribed, and that there is more than a possibility of one or more Vauxhalls toeing the mark. The German abstention notwithstanding, M. Faroux is of opinion that before the 30th inst. he will have at least forty-five entries for the Grand Prix races.



By CAPTAIN COE.

**Gimcrackery.**

The speeches made annually after the Gimcrack Dinner are more than after-dinner speeches. Such are not, as a rule, taken very seriously, but since a certain orator seized the occasion at York a few years ago to point out abuses and their remedies, it has become the custom with most of the Gimcrack speakers to take themselves very seriously. And they can hardly help doing so nowadays, for the simple reason that everyone expects them to. Some of the general public go even further, and point out, presumably from a spirit of kindness—but, it must be confessed, somewhat impertinently—questions they would like to have touched on. The latest Gimcrack speeches were no exception to the general rule, and the serious note was the dominant one. Lord Villiers, one of the stewards of the Jockey Club, made a confession which possibly wraps up the reason why it is such a difficult matter to get simple—or what appears to the ordinary critic simple—alterations made. He said that at heart he was no reformer, and that anything that was antiquated had in his mind an added value. If that is the tendency of stewards of the Jockey Club, it explains much. It is good to preserve institutions, but the best method of preserving them is to see that they do not moulder and rot away through inattention. Preserve them, by all means, but by keeping them abreast of the times. It may, for instance, have suited our forefathers to have races at Newmarket finish at different winning-posts, but it is not to the modern taste. Is this one of the antiquated things that have an added value, for Lord Villiers? I am thoroughly in accord with him, however, on four-furlong races. They have been tried, and they serve no good

purpose; and although I was in favour of them and advocated them, I would gladly see them abolished.

**National Hunt Jubilee.** The National Hunt are to celebrate their Jubilee at their meeting at Cheltenham next March, and everything points to its being a huge success. Of course, the National Hunt Steeplechase will still be the chief event, but it will be closely challenged in public interest by a thousand pounds' Hurdle Handicap; while for hunting men there will be a Foxhunters' Challenge Cup, value 125 sovs., with 500 sovs. added. This foxhunters' race will be run over the National Hunt Steeplechase course, which is four miles long, and over which no fence has to be jumped more than once. The total



UP ON AN UNUSUAL MOUNT: JOE PLANT RIDES BOMBARDIER BILLY WELLS OFF THE FIELD AT THE INTERVAL OF THE SOCCER MATCH BETWEEN FLAT-RACE JOCKEYS AND CHAMPIONS OF OTHER SPORTS.

Photograph by C.N.

stake-money to be won at this Jubilee Meeting is £5000, split up into three £1000 races, two of £500, two of £200, two of £150, and three of £100. It will be recollected that last year the course

was exceedingly heavy; so heavy, in fact, that some of the horses literally stuck in it. Several miles of new drains have been laid, and they cannot help but improve the condition of the course. Another improvement that will add to the comfort of visitors is the laying of the enclosures with tar-paving. Since Messrs. Pratt and Co. have taken over the management at Cheltenham, the place has been transformed, and the fourth stand to be put up in four years will be ready for the next meeting. There will also be a railway station

practically on the course. The Club membership almost reaches 450; the subscription (five guineas) includes badges for member and one lady, and luncheon for both on each of the seven days' racing which will take place next year. The entrance-fee (two guineas) is remitted to owners of horses entering for races during the year of their election.

**Jockeys.** One of the features of the National Hunt season has been the marked success that has

attended the efforts of several jockeys who did a lot of riding on the flat in the recently closed season. The most prominent example is Walter Earl, who has made such an impression that directly his name goes up in the frame there is a general shrinkage in the odds offered against whatever animal he is on. Earl commenced to ride under National Hunt Rules last winter and at once showed that he was an acquisition, but he has made great strides in his profession since then, and at the present time it is doubtful if he has a superior at the game. He is equally facile over hurdles and fences, and brings intelligence to bear on the problem of how best to win a race. "Tony" Escott is another brilliant addition to the ranks of National Hunt jockeys, and, like Earl, great success has attended his early efforts at this branch of racing. I fancy he has only ridden one loser in five or six races. He has not quite the strength of Earl, but most of the remarks I made in connection with the Winchester jockey apply to him. Hallick introduced little P. Smith to National Hunt work the other day, and the boy shaped very well on Exclusive at Sandown Park, while V. Casebourne and R. H. Mason have been meeting with success in the North.

**RACING TIPS.**

BY CAPTAIN COE.

Newbury, to-day: Reading Chase, Prefect; Didcot Hurdle, Algy A.; Suffolk Chase, Another Delight; Juvenile Hurdle, Rock Dust. To-morrow: Berkshire Hurdle, Shaccabac; Lambourne Chase, Celerity; Moderate Hurdle, Tiger II.; Andover Chase, Melamar. Kempton, Tuesday: Christmas Hurdle, Master Mine.



PLANT TELLS THE STORY OF HIS "INJURIES": A SNAPSHOT OF JOE PLANT AND CHARLIE TRIGG AT THE FOOTBALL MATCH BETWEEN JOCKEYS AND SPORTSMEN, ON THE FULHAM FOOTBALL CLUB GROUND.

Photograph by C.N.





# WOMAN'S WAYS

By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

## Genius and Games.

Great writers have often a close affinity with children, and make, in their private life, the finest playfellows in the world. They have, to be sure, what the average estimable British parent lacks, and that is Imagination—a priceless quality with which we are all endowed what time we wear socks and latchet-shoes, but which we are apt to lose or mislay as we grow up and become commonplace and “sensible.” So it is that Mr. H. G. Wells, like Robert Louis Stevenson, is as profoundly interested in pirates, Red Indians, and rafts as any chubby urchin that we know; and, moreover, the author of “The New Machiavelli,” has put his experience as a father at our disposal and actually written a too brief booklet on “Floor Games.” For, needless to say, the most entertaining games are played upon the floor, or, in summer-time, upon the grass or gravel. All of us who ever really “played” in our childhood know this, but some of us lacked such a master hand in make-believe as the father of “G. P. W.” and “F. R. W.” Personally, I had a parent who was an inexhaustible mine of stories, who, evening after evening, seated in a rocking chair, was constrained to invent the most lurid and magnificent tales for his tyrannical children—tales which lasted as long as certain fabled Oriental histories. The modern father, however, is expected not only to direct the revels, but to join in himself, and it is easy to see that in some cases, as in that of our author, he is not averse from transforming himself into a happy little boy again.

Man is an amazingly imaginative and inventive creature, but far surpassing all his achievements in the incredible is his invention of Woman. It suited him, in the first tussle for supremacy in nature, that she should take a back seat in the wigwam, and attend to his comforts, and, with an adroit mixture of flattery and menace, he has managed to keep her there ever since. He invented, for instance, the fiction that his mate was “womanly”; endowed her with all sorts of curious attributes which no other female thing in creation possesses, and by insisting, with all the tremendous lever of public opinion, that she should remain true to type, he has succeeded in retaining the copyright of his invention until the twentieth century. An actress who has played in many of Mr. Shaw's plays, Miss Margaret Halstan, declared the other night that there are no “women” in Shavian drama, only human beings. Indeed, the only very feminine women that I remember in his plays are the two feline and quarrelsome women in “The Philanderer,” a comedy which is certainly not among his masterpieces. Mr. Bernard Shaw himself is of opinion that the women in his plays are “so uncommonly good, because he always assumed that a woman was just like a man—except that men are slightly more hysterical.” The paradox is delightful, but thoughtful persons are indubitably beginning to envisage the question like Mr. Shaw; hence the amazing growth of the Franchise movement all over the country.

## The Casual Londoner.

A good deal has been written of late about the manners of modern English folk, and much criticism has been directed against the brusque attitude of the younger generation, but the best tribute to our social life is the praise of Americans and of foreigners, who are generally of opinion that London is not only the world's capital but the most agreeable place, on the whole, to live in. What strikes the foreigner most of all are the ease of our manners, the absence of fuss and etiquette, and, above all, the sensible way in which we are gradually abolishing altogether the ritual of “calling.” When a charming Parisienne meets, at your house, an Englishwoman who invites her, simply and without an ado of exchanging preliminary visits, to “come and lunch,” she is first of all amazed, and then delighted.

For the Parisienne still passes much of her life in carrying out the long and objectless formula of leaving pieces of pasteboard at hundreds of doors, as she has not yet shaken off, like her English contemporaries, the tedious formalities known as Etiquette. Our French neighbours still have their “day”; with terrible punctiliousness, they still keep up a cross-fire of formal visits—in short, they have not learned that the secret of sociability lies in a calculated casualness, and that rigid adherence to Victorian standards suggests the fossil in a more tolerant and easy-going age.



GRACES THREE IN “TOILETTES DE VISITE”: PARISIAN FASHIONS OF TO-DAY.

The figure on the left is wearing a dress of violet velvet slightly draped, a taffetas belt, collar and revers of astrakhan, the same fur at the wrists, and a large hat in violet velvet trimmed with black aigrettes. She carries a muff of astrakhan edged with ermine. The middle figure has a tailor-made dress of white velvet, trimmed with black-silk braid, a small jacket braided round the edge and round the rather wide sleeves with buttons and fringe of silk, and a large velvet toque trimmed with waving white feathers. The right-hand figure wears a dress of bronze-silk cloth, draped and knotted with two large silk tassels, a bodice and chemisette with broad white lace, and lace at the wrists, and a broad-brimmed hat with a shallow crown.

English Opera in the Victorian Times. In the course of an illuminating article on “Opera in England” in the current *English Review*, Mr. Francis Toye makes the startling statement that in 1857 there was actually an English opera-house which was a financial as well as a social success, the Queen and Prince Albert sometimes appearing there as often as twice a week. The Prince Consort, a thoroughly cultured and enlightened person—whose artistic reputation has

suffered, as Mr. Toye charmingly says, “from the monument erected to his memory”—was all for bringing the matter before Parliament and getting a subsidy for national opera from the Government. One may feel sure that this promise would have been carried out—for Prince Albert was a man of inexhaustible energy in such matters—but for his death in the early 'sixties. This flourishing enterprise, which flickered out in the royal mourning, was under the direction of a man and a woman, a manager and a “star.” Most of us have seen, in some box of out-of-date songs belonging to our mothers, the portrait of a lady with bare, sloping shoulders, parted hair, and a wreath. This was the outer presentment of the singer who “managed” at Drury Lane during the halcyon days of English Opera, and her name was Louisa Pynce. Mr. Francis Toye is optimistic about light opera in England, and certainly, if the success of the “Contes d'Hoffmann” is any criterion, an enterprise of opera-comique in London might be made—given money and intelligence—a considerable success.

## CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

*The Next Settlement begins on Dec. 27.*

## HOME RAILS AND OTHER THINGS.

IT really looks as if at last the danger of big labour troubles, which have depressed Home Rails for so long, were at an end; and if the public take this view of the position we feel confident that a still further improvement will take place in prices. That a return of 5 per cent. will be long obtainable on the Ordinary stock of some of the best English Railways when the strike danger is out of the way is not probable, so that there is room for improvement, which merely requires a little public buying.

The announcement of the Canadian Pacific new issue lifted the shares, and will prove an acceptable bonus to the present holders. It means one new share for each ten now held.

Generally, markets have quite well held their own, and in the Miscellaneous Market there has been considerable business doing.

## RUBBER IN 1912.

The following interesting communication from our valued correspondent "Q" has reached us, and expresses, as we know, the views of many well-informed people connected with the Rubber Market as well as those of our contributor—

For Rubber Companies and their shareholders 1912 is going to be the banner year! This forecast may cause some rubbing of eyes among those who thought that the Rubber boom occurred in 1910 and was a thing of the past; but I should wish to point out that I am *not* predicting another Rubber boom—than which nothing is to be less desired—but simply expressing the opinion that the aggregate profits which will be earned by the Plantation Rubber Companies, and the total distributions of dividends for 1912, will be far in excess of those earned and distributed in any previous year. So far as can be foreseen at present, it is reasonable to expect an average selling-price over 1912 of 4s. 6d. per lb. for plantation rubber, or an average net profit of 3s. per lb., and I maintain that at this price the aggregate profits of Rubber Companies will be far above those even of 1910, although in a few cases of those Companies which were earliest in the field this may not be the case. If, as seems also not improbable, an average gross price of 4s. in 1913, and of 3s. 6d. in 1914, may be expected, the aggregate dividends for Rubber shareholders will again in each year be larger than in the previous year. In other words, the gradual fall in price will be more than compensated by the steady increase of output. Let me take as an example the *Ceylon Tea Plantations Company*. For the last six years this Company has doubled its output of rubber every year, and is doing the same thing this year: in 1910 a total of 118,000 lb. was collected, and for 1911 the total will be in the neighbourhood of 240,000 lb. As the area planted in rubber amounts to 4500 acres, which on a moderate computation will produce 1,200,000 lb. in full bearing, there is every reason to expect that the production will continue to increase in the same ratio as in the past. An examination of the figures as to the size and growth of the trees leads to the same conclusion. I will suppose, however, in order to be on the safe side, that the production for the next three years may be: for 1912, 400,000 lb.; for 1913, 600,000 lb.; and for 1914, 800,000 lb. On the basis of the figures given above, the profit from rubber alone during these years would then work out as follows—

	Estimated Production. lb.	Gross Price per lb.	Net Profit.
1911 ..	230,000—240,000	4s. 8d.	£36,000
1912 ..	400,000	4s. 6d.	£60,000
1913 ..	600,000	4s. 0d.	£75,000
1914 ..	800,000	3s. 6d.	£80,000

I do not wish anyone to attach any special value to these calculations. I only desire to illustrate my contention that, if it be granted as not unlikely that the fall in the price of rubber may not be more rapid than is here indicated—namely, that the price of Para in 1914 may not have fallen below 3s. per lb.—then the aggregate profits of the Rubber-producing Companies, and as the above figures show, in most cases, the individual profits of these Companies, will show record figures for 1912, and be likely to beat that record in the following years. Q.

## FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

"I can't help thinking—"

"So we've noticed," said The City Editor pointedly.

The Jobber bided his time, and went on, "I can't help thinking that Father Christmas is rather a bull in his way."

"That's because he drives stags—or is it reindeer?—in his sleigh," suggested The Merchant.

"You see, we nearly always get some of the markets a bit better just before the end of the year."

"Notwithstanding the fact that money is always a little stringent," added The Banker.

"Curious, isn't it?" The Jobber went on. "This year, to help us buy our presents, Father Christmas sent us the rises in Home Rails and Rubber shares. He's a decent old sort."

"The New Year starts good, and then lets 'em go," said the misanthropic Broker.

"With all these new issues about, it astonishes me that markets are good anywhere," declared The Engineer. "Excepting Home Rails, of course. They have at least a decent excuse for their recovery."

"Half-a-dozen decent excuses," The Broker corrected him. "But don't you forget, my optimistic young friend, that there's always something."

"What are you a bear of, Brokie?"

"I'm a retail bull," he admitted willingly enough. "That's one of the reasons why I think we shall see things down again."

"There's nothing to stop the rise," The City Editor began—

"Sell you a thou.; make it five," offered The Jobber. "In the winter a wise man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of bears—of Home Rails. Coal strikes, accidents, fogs, snowstorms—"

"Go on, you cheerful danger-post," laughed The Engineer. "Go on. Please show us a few more selections from your Christmas catalogue. Plain or coloured!"

"You'll see an illustration of a collision, my boy, if you're not particularly careful," and The Jobber exhibited a brawny arm. "Feel those muscles."

"We shall all make money out of our bulls of Home Rails," remarked The Broker, "and buy our wives extravagant Christmas presents. After which we shall all get left in at the top, and wish we had kept the money to pay the rent with."

There was such fidelity in this picture of every man's past experience that even The Jobber joined in the general laugh.

"Then you don't believe in holding Home Rails too long?" asked The Engineer.

"I don't believe in it, but I feel confident that I shan't sell my own soon enough," was the reply.

"Will Home Rule for Ireland affect Irish Land stock?" inquired The Merchant.

"The security will remain unaltered," The Banker told him. "It is equal to that of Consols."

"Sure to have a sentimental influence," considered The City Editor, "and that must send the price down. Don't you think so, Brokie?"

The Broker regarded him with coolness.

"There was once a man in the Stock Exchange," he related, "who was approached by another, saying, 'Hullo, Brownie!' Whereupon he said, 'Mr. Brown to you in the House, please; outside, I don't know you!'"

"Hoity-toity!" exclaimed The City Editor, "when I've got nothing else left to stand upon, I also shall stand on my dignity. Pooh! Sorry, I'm sure!"

"Don't name it, young fellow," replied The Broker. "Moreover, I daresay you are quite right in thinking that Shamrocks will fall if Home Rule is passed."

"Heavens! Shouldn't we have a boom if the Government went out!" cried The Merchant.

"That's not very likely to happen just yet, so you had better keep your money in foreign bonds, and suchlike."

"The slump in Japanese has been rather overdue, surely," said The Solicitor. "Japan's hardly likely to default?"

"Not much fear of that, one would say," concurred The Banker. "But do you not think that Japan's credit may quite conceivably come down to a 5 per cent. basis?"

"In which case the bonds have further downhill to travel yet."

"Seems to me," said The Solicitor, "that the new Chili scrip is about as cheap a security as one can find at present. It has got depressed by the tons of other new stuff, of course; but in time that will right itself."

"I took a small parcel of that for myself," said The Jobber. "Gave three-eighths premium for Special, and here it is at par, or thereabouts."

"It can't hurt you a great deal," said The Solicitor, who had stowed away some of the scrip for investment.

"I kept a certain amount of money free for this Rubber gamble," said The Broker. "It looked to me as though it were time that market had a bit of a run."

"You bought me Highlands, wasn't it?" said The Merchant, as regardless of grammar as the Jackdaw.

"Highlands and United Serdang. The market will have its little downs, of course, but you can see for yourself that manufacturers want rubber, and that's the root of the position, after all."

"Is there going to be another Rubber boom?" inquired The Banker.

"May the saints forbid!" said The Broker fervently. "The last one did us enough ultimate harm. We don't want another just yet."

"The market is on a better basis now," declared The Jobber. "Rubbish is more easily recognised, and the good-class stuff has got down to levels at which it pays handsome dividends on the money."

"Anything worth buying?"

"On a reaction, yes. Take Tebrau, Lankat Rubber, Djasingas, Jugra Lands—"

"Might as well buy West African Tin shares," said The City Editor.

"Oh, don't, I Bisichi!" and The Jobber made a hurried exit.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

BLONDE.—Your list is poor reading. The hopeless shares are so low that it is a question whether it is worth while to sell. We think reasonably well of Nos. 4 and 7, while the most hopeless seem to be Nos. 1, 2, 5, and 11. It would be as well to sell No. 3.

P.M.—The people are the sort of pests that we should like to see prosecuted. Have nothing to do with them.

MAJOR.—The Premium Bonds are quite honest, but the prices asked seem above the proper quotation. Write to N. Keizer and Co., of 31, Threadneedle Street, who will give you the true market price, and buy or sell for you quite fairly.

NOTE.—In consequence of going to press early for this issue and that of the 27th, we must ask the indulgence of correspondents who fail to get answers.



## THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN

### Busy Bodies.

Oh, dear! how busy everybody is, and on what pleasant business! I was in the toy department of a great establishment last week, and I don't know when I saw so many happy faces. It was hot, it was crowded, but it was a merry scene. Here there was a ring round mechanical toys that were showing themselves off amid squeals of joy from children; there, a circle had collected round a nigger dancing—a very agile person manipulated by hand; possibly the most fascinated group of young folk watched a fleet of miniature war-ships manoeuvring in a mammoth bath. A beautifully clad and very lovely dollie in pale blue was swimming amid the ironclads, one of which she looked big enough to turn over; but relative sizes do not worry little folk. I meet in my shopping expeditions anxious elders harking back to their own early days for hints as to what grandchildren will like. The Countess of Warwick, Muriel Viscountess Helmsley, Adeline Duchess of Bedford—an honorary grandmother to Lord and Lady Dudley's children—have been shopping in Toyland. It used to be a doll for a girl and a horse for a boy, but nowadays the complexities of shopping for the Lilliputs are enormous.

### Claims of the Grown-Ups.

The children come first; when they have been catered for there are adults to think of. A present that is useful, as well as pretty and becoming, is one thrice-welcome. Many such may be purchased at Walpole Brothers, 108-110, Kensington High Street. There is a splendid choice in Irish crochet collars, cuffs, and cravats, in Venetian and Point-de-Paris centre or side-board cloths. The same are also very dainty and effective in real filet or Cluny lace. There are elegant and most fresh-looking cushion-covers of fine muslin and real lace, and Duchesse sets and mats and table-covers, all at wonderfully reasonable prices. Also to be seen are the tailor-made blouses for which the firm is famous. Handkerchiefs, finely embroidered and lace-edged, are in wonderful variety, and, to revert to the Lilliputs, there are sweet frocks for babies of two, three, four, and five. We are now thinking of buying Christmas presents. It will interest those who are contemplating spending money on Christmas presents to know that the entire stock of blouses for sport and otherwise is to be sold at ridiculously low prices at the sale opening on New Year's Day. It will be an opportunity to learn how splendidly cut these blouses are.

### The Day of the Pen.

The ready writer has no trouble about pens nowadays. His or her—I believe women do write occasionally, as they also sometimes talk—trusty Waterman is always to hand. These pens are now made self-filling, or pump-filling, and also safe to carry. While an excellent, reliable pen can be bought for 10s. 6d., a very handsome one, suitable for an important present, costs 45s. A Waterman Ideal Fountain Pen is always a welcome gift.

### Pure and Good.

We depend a great deal in these strenuous times on diet. A part of it that all are agreed about is chocolate. We all like it, and if it is good—that is to say, pure—we find it very sustaining. There is, however, chocolate and chocolate. A new kind made by Messrs. Peek, Frean, and called Meltis, is pure, and is made by improved methods, with the most up-to-date machinery, from the finest cocoa-beans. It has an exquisite flavour, and can be had in appetising croquettes and neapolitans, as well as in cake form, from any confectioner or grocer of repute.

### The Fragrant Cup.

English people begin to appreciate coffee almost as much as their French neighbours, because now it can be, and is, really well made here. The introduction of the "Caffeta" has given a great impetus to the consumption of coffee. This machine, in which coffee is made in the

most approved way, is itself an ornament; it is in hammered metals, silver or copper, and looks as bright and cheery as it sounds when it boils and, finally, whistles, to let the waiting people know that the fragrant cup is ready. A "Caffeta" makes a delightful and much-appreciated Christmas present, being almost as ornamental as it is useful.

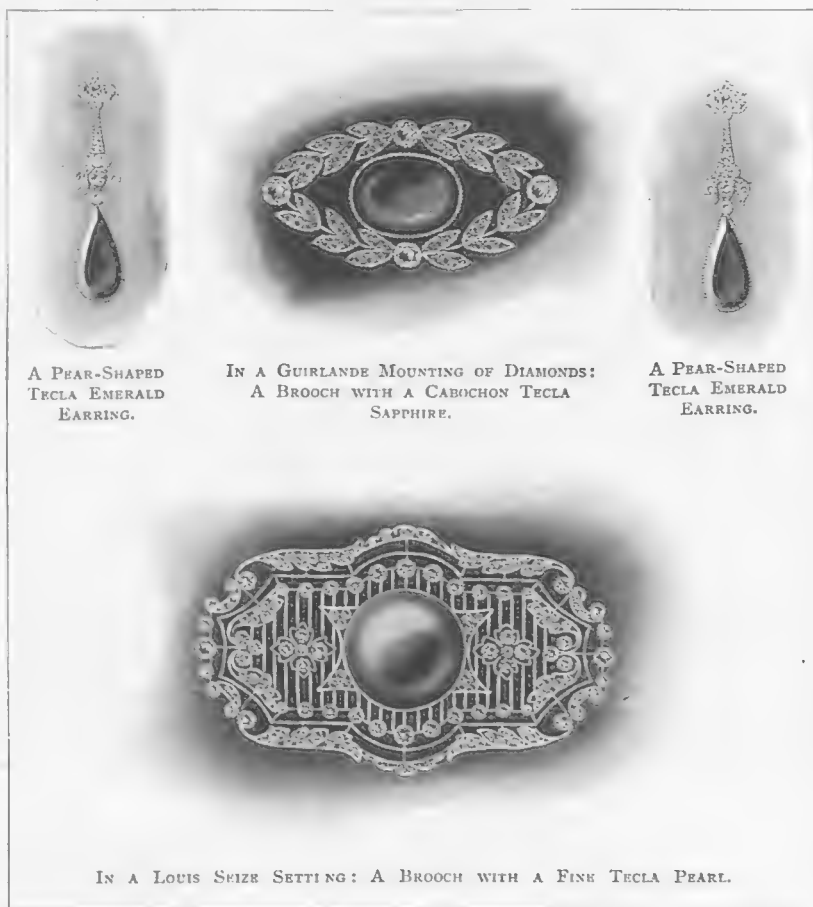
### Eastern Dress.

It is quite easy to get Eastern dress; the smart modern gown of clinging fabric, veiled with diaphanous material, is almost Eastern. Sew up the skirt in the centre and gather it in round the ankles, and put on a turban or an Eastern cap, and you may have stepped out of an "Arabian Nights" dream. It cannot, however, be denied that dancing in a dress after this recipe might result in a James Welch kind of knight's nightmare. One might pass in it, but one could not be agile in it. Not as agile as were the Easterns at Covent Garden, at any rate.

### Modern Miracle-Gems.

Tecla's jewels are as beautiful as those provided for Aladdin by the genii, with the advantage that they are permanent beauties, not dependent on the ways of genii; they are, however, lovely enough to win the favour of any princess in or out of a fairy-tale. They are set in either 18-carat gold or platinum, and the workmanship is very fine indeed; diamonds are employed with every stone—

they seem, indeed, to be the necessary gems to set off all the others. It is well known that Tecla uses only real diamonds, no substitute being fit to put in combination with his rubies, sapphires, pearls, and emeralds. A thing of rare beauty is a pendant of pearls and rose diamonds set in platinum, one large pearl being in the centre. A diadem-shaped hair-ornament of diamond Empire festoons, in the midst of each a large coloured pearl, is a decoration fit for an Empress, and is a copy from one worn by one in the long past. The rings are lovely: a large, square ruby burns out from a little quaint corner of diamonds, with diamonds set in dainty device at either side. Very rich and handsome are the pearl rings, set also with diamonds. These gems are a specialty of Tecla. They are the weight of those made by the oyster, have the sheen and colour, and are unbreakable, so that if one wanted to ill-treat the dear things and knock them hard they would not suffer. Also, like those of oyster-make, the more you wear them the better they be. There are some fine coloured gold bags at this lovely Salon in New Bond Street, woven fine as silk, and in the prettiest designs, with



A PEAR-SHAPED  
TECLA EMERALD  
EARRING.

IN A GUIRLANDE MOUNTING OF DIAMONDS:  
A BROOCH WITH A CABOCHON TECLA  
SAPPHIRE.

A PEAR-SHAPED  
TECLA EMERALD  
EARRING.

IN A LOUIS SEIZE SETTING: A BROOCH WITH A FINE TECLA PEARL.

BY A FAR-FAMED ALCHEMIST OF JEWELLERY: BEAUTIFUL TECLA GEMS  
WITH REAL DIAMONDS.

The Tecla Salon, New Bond Street.

mounts set with sapphires in invisible settings; these are indeed presents for the best-beloved! An exquisite necklet has large pearls set in festoons of tiny Empire leaves, and it forms also a fine and dignified tiara. Pendants of pear-shaped rubies, set into lace, like patterns of diamonds, are most fascinating. A point, of the many, in favour of these lovely ornaments is that they are all original designs, or copies of exquisite old examples of jewellers' art. Another of Tecla's elegant salons has now been opened at 15, Unter den Linden in Berlin. European and American capitals must have them.

For this festive month the Gramophone Company has provided a rich feast of melody and song in its divided list of records, which, for convenience of choice, is divided into the following sections—Christmas, Instrumental, Humorous, Ballads, and Scottish Records. The Christmas section contains appropriate items by the choir of Westminster Abbey. The singers in the Humorous list include Jean Aylwin, Vesta Victoria, G. H. Elliott, Nelson Jackson, Gertie Millar, Clarice Mayne, Albert Chevalier, and selections from "The Quaker Girl" and "H.M.S. Pinafore." In the Scottish list are orchestral records by the Pipers and Drummers of the Scots Guards of "The Land o' the Leal" and a "Medley March"; by Iff's orchestra of "A Nicht wi' Burns Lancers" (three records); by the Imperial bandmen of "A March Past of Scottish Regiments"; and various ballads, including "Will ye no come back again?" sung by Miss Nina Horsburgh (contralto), and "Loch Lomond." There is also a special list of operatic records by Madame Kirkby Lunn.

## CONCERNING NEW NOVELS.

## "The Reward of Virtue."

By AMBER REEVES.  
(Heinemann).

If "The Reward of Virtue" appear a somewhat drab statement, it is by reason of its substance rather than its manner. Like Flaubert, with *Mme. Bovary*, Amber Reeves has selected a girl from her impressionable school years and followed the beating of her heart and the development of her mind up to early maturity and motherhood. Evelyn Baker belonged to the well-to-do middle-class and lived in Notting Hill. She was an only daughter and monopolised the affections of her parents. Her schooling—first at the local day-school in Notting Hill, and afterwards in the select boarding-school on the South Coast—is described with much detail; her schoolmates and their share in her growth, for good or otherwise, belong, of course, to this period. As also the attack, which most young people experience, of religious emotion, and the first vague recognition of what life might hold for her in the matters of love and sex. A very vague and remote recognition, for Evelyn was, and passionately wished to be, the thing which her world meant by "a really nice girl." Then arrived the time of "coming-out." Very soon after her first ball, Evelyn discovered that it wasn't such fun as school had been—she was often bored, and had fewer friends. Yet school seemed unimportant now—uninteresting even, compared with the life she was leading. "And yet it wasn't the dances particularly, or the dinners: they were often dull enough. It seemed absurd, but the only difference she could think of was being friends with young men." She dismissed such a vulgar thought, and went to help Mrs. Baker rearrange the big china cabinet that stood by the drawing-room piano. At this moment, and coincident with her first proposal—which left her untouched, except in her vanity—she began to know the Cunninghams. The brightest and gayest moments of the book belong to the Cunninghams. And they too seem to have been painted by an admirer of Flaubert. They are peculiar to certain haunts of Kensington, and perhaps may be found also in Chelsea. A company of presentable, well educated, almost fastidious young people, always ready to talk in their tasteful drawing-rooms on high matters, wearing pretty though queerish clothes; healthy enough to play hockey; cultured enough to deplore machinery and rave about the Arts and Craft movement; supremely self-conscious, analytical, enthusiastic, complicated and ineffectual. Evelyn was a strange figure in that *galère* with her magnificent stodginess, her impenetrability to ideas—her resistance to, or rather her ignoring of, what her friends would call "atmosphere." She was so like a stone in the heart of a glowing fire that brilliance near her became an effort. But she did carry, in spite of herself, the most profound

moments of her life from that *milieu*. She even brushed against the glittering wings of Love. Then followed marriage, ennui, and the sentimental snatching at relief of a vapid mind from its own boredom, by works of charity. The last chapter leaves her a contented mother, with her baby-girl in her arms, saying, even as her own mother had said of her in the first chapter, that she was glad it was a girl: "Girls are so much easier." "The Reward of Virtue" is apparently a first book. It is an extraordinarily well-considered one, so detached from prejudices, so completely free from any attempt after mere effect or bedazzlement, that one hopes it may not receive less than the just reward of its own virtues in these superficial days. It will have a real value for all those who ask that the writer of their fiction shall be primarily a historian of manners and a student of life.

## "Flemington."

By VIOLET JACOB.  
(John Murray.)

Quite apart from questions of happiness, "Flemington" is a cheerful story, because the two men with whom it is chiefly concerned both loved life, though they loved it differently. "Flemington" loved it consciously, joyously, pictorially; James Logie loved it desperately—so desperately that his spirit had survived the shock which had robbed it of its glory, for him. He was like a faithful lover whose mistress has been scarred by smallpox. The period belongs to the Jacobite rebellion in Scotland. Neither the love of woman nor the romance of royalty are its themes. The interest lies entirely with the two men—Archie Flemington, descended from two generations exiled for the Stuart cause, but nevertheless a paid spy of the Government, and Logie, who found the noble stimulant and action which his broken life needed in risking all for Prince Charles Edward. The attraction of each towards the other, and the miserable slips of apparent baseness which Flemington redeemed at a costly price, become matters of deep interest in Mrs. Jacob's hands. A strange creature, who might have sprung from Scott's brain, for it has a touch of his wizardry, rides in and out of the pages in a carriage as strange as himself. A stout wooden box on low wheels held a man whose legs had been amputated below the knee. "He had the head of Falstaff, the shoulders of Hercules, and lack of exercise had made his thighs and back bulge out over the sides of his carriage, even as the bag of pipes bulged under his elbow." His name was Skirlin' Wattie, and he drove a team of five dogs of differing breeds and sizes. His pride of song—he had a beautiful voice—"hung over his muddy soul as a weaving of honeysuckle may hang over a dank pond." He issued from the thicket like some ribald vision of goblinry escaped from the world of folklore, and his terrible end is one of the most impressive moments in a book which can count more of them than most.

## "SIMPITROL"

## Country House Lighting

has been brought to the highest state of perfection by the introduction of the SIMPITROL LIGHTING SYSTEM. The Simpitol System offers you a light more brilliant than electricity, coal gas, or acetylene, as easily operated, but at an infinitesimal cost. The plant can be easily installed and requires but little attention. No odour! No risk! No danger to plant or animal life! No hissing! at the burners and no increase in fire premium! Write for full particulars, and learn Simpitol uses for lighting, heating, and cooking.—Dept. U.,

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the residence of the Rev. Hugh Hammer,  
which is lit by "Simpitol."

THE LIGHT THAT IS NEAREST DAYLIGHT  
AND ALMOST AS CHEAP

C.D.C.

## FLORASMA

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"AN ACRE OF FLOWERS  
IN A TINY BOTTLE."

Pure Floral Essences of Perfumes  
in 9 Scents:

VIOLET, ROSE, LILAC, LILY of the VALLEY,  
HELIOTROPE, SWEET PEA, CARNATION,  
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Choicest and most Refined Scents. They never get "stale,"  
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in fancy cases, 3 sizes,  
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Your own enjoyment of CRAVEN EXTRA MILD can only be equalled by the pleasure of introducing it to a friend. A gift of CRAVEN EXTRA MILD for Christmas is one which any smoker will appreciate.

"CRAVEN EXTRA MILD" is manufactured under the new process, discovered by Mr. Bernhard Baron, by which the crude residue of harshness, which even the most matured tobacco previously contained, is eliminated. It is a milder grade of the famous "Craven" Mixture which was immortalised under the name of "Arcadia" by J. M. Barrie in "My Lady Nicotine."

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Our world-renowned Craven Mild, in cartridges or loose, 2-oz. 1/3.

Of high-class tobacconists all over the world. If you cannot obtain it locally, write direct to our West End Depot, 7, Woburn Street, Leicester Sq., London, W. Est. 1788.

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"If she had only been a man," Marriott said, "we could have got round her. . . . We could have sent her a tin of the 'Arcadia.'"  
—CHAP. XXXI

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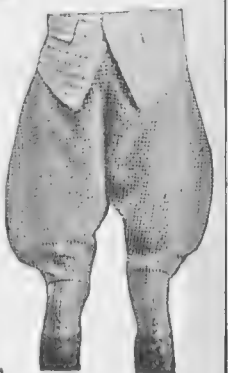
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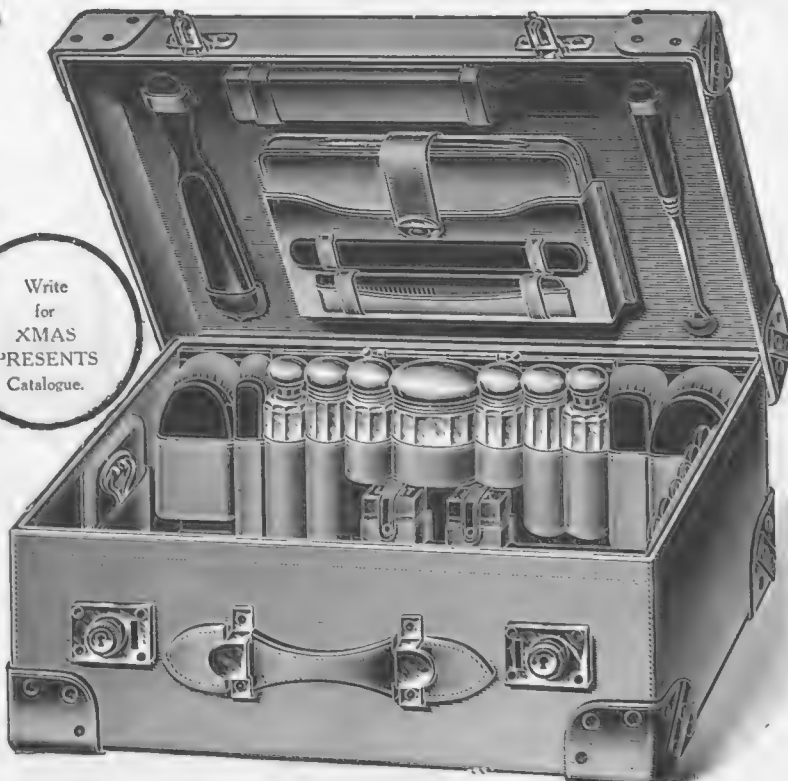
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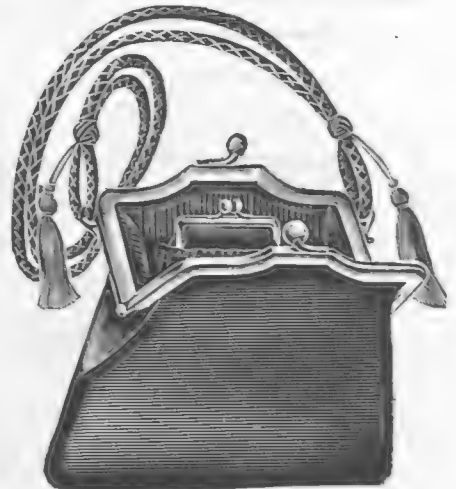


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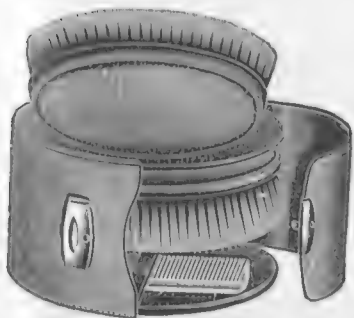
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TERMS AS PER LIST.

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710 x 90	3	10	0	...	3	18	6	...	0	19	0	...	0	15	8
760 x 90	3	14	0	...	4	4	0	...	1	0	0	...	0	18	4
810 x 90	3	19	6	...	4	11	0	...	1	2	0	...	1	1	4
870 x 90	4	7	6	...	4	19	0	...	1	3	0	...	1	7	0
910 x 90	4	12	0	...	5	5	0	...	1	5	0	...	1	8	4
760 x 100	4	16	0	...	5	9	0	...	1	4	0	...	1	2	8
810 x 100	5	4	0	...	5	17	0	...	1	5	0	...	1	5	6
870 x 100	5	12	0	...	6	6	6	...	1	7	6	...	1	9	8
815 x 105	5	12	0	...	6	5	0	...	1	7	0	...	1	7	0
875 x 105	6	1	0	...	6	15	0	...	1	8	6	...	1	8	4
915 x 105	6	6	0	...	7	2	6	...	1	10	0	...	1	14	0
820 x 120	6	14	0	...	7	0	0	...	1	12	0	...	1	9	8
850 x 120	7	1	6	...	7	6	6	...	1	13	0	...	1	11	2
880 x 120	7	6	6	...	7	13	6	...	1	14	0	...	1	14	0
920 x 120	7	14	6	...	8	0	0	...	1	16	0	...	1	18	2
895 x 135	8	7	0	...	8	18	0	...	1	19	0	...	2	12	4
935 x 135	8	16	0	...	9	9	0	...	2	1	0	...	3	1	0



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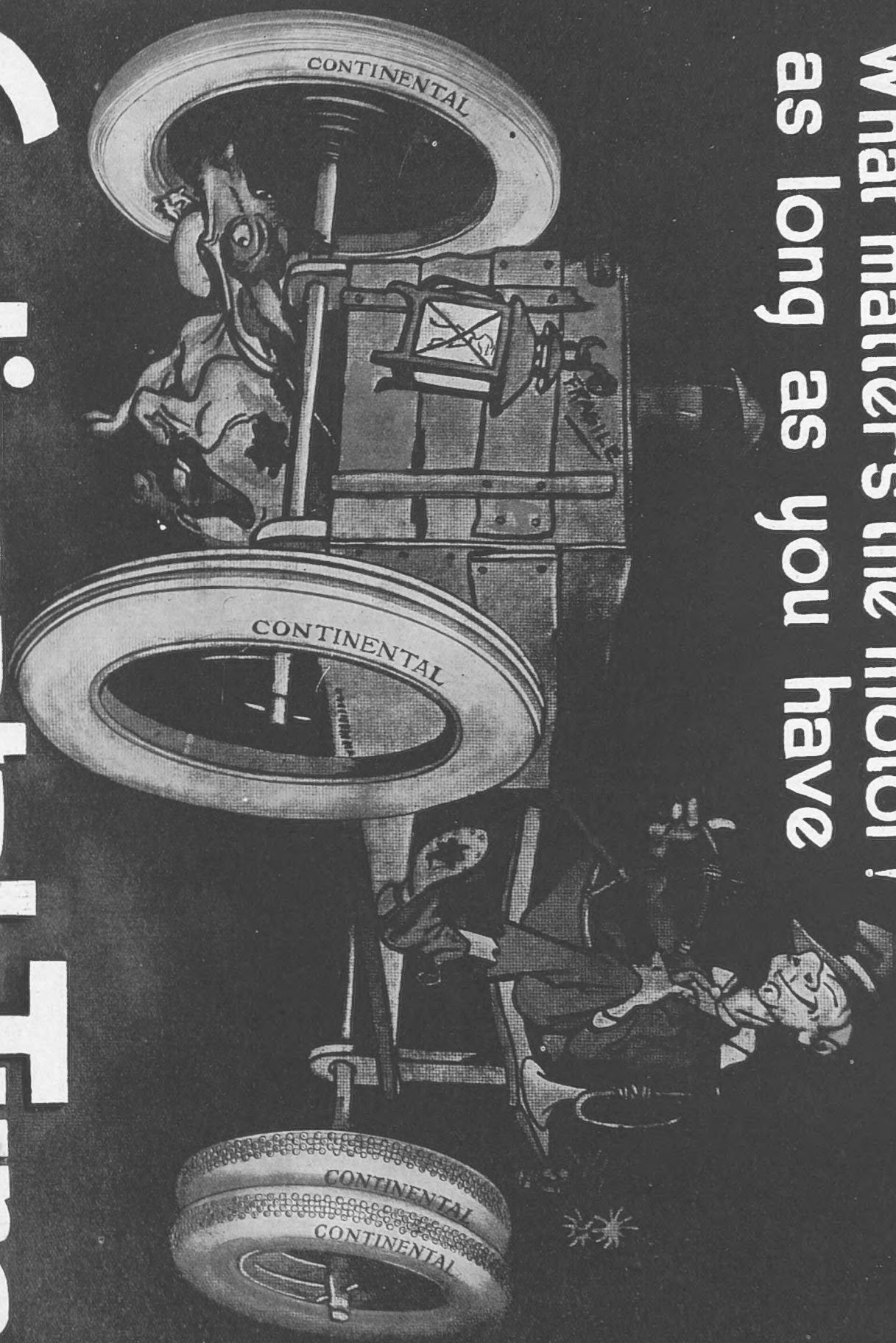
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And Others. Removed from  
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IMPORTANT PRIVATE SALE OF  
GENUINE SECOND-HAND

## MODERN AND ANTIQUE FURNITURE.

AN ABBREVIATED CATALOGUE  
Of Valuable Modern, Antique, and Oriental  
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very unique design (cost treble), £45;  
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magnificent 7ft. wide inlaid mahogany  
Sheraton design bedroom suite (worth  
treble), £65; massive square pillar 5ft.  
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elaborate satinwood bedroom suite 7ft.  
wide (impossible to describe here, cost  
500gs.), £150; with bedstead (originally  
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numerous to mention here.

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fitment to match, £4 15s.; centre table to  
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every possible up-to-date improvement,  
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table, £2 10s.; satinwood decorated over-  
mantel, £3 10s.; costly satinwood decorated  
suite, covered choice brocade gobelin blue  
silk, £13 15s.; Louis XV. design all-brass  
fender suite, £8 15s.; pair of Louis XV.  
carved and gilt settees, covering of Parisian  
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Also Bed and Table Linen, Carpets,  
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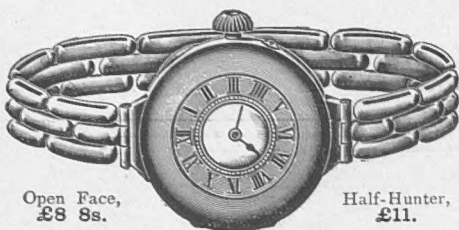
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Open Face,  
£8 8s.

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Ruby centre and  
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The irresistible attraction of a beautiful complexion is assured  
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Toilet Cream

PERFUMED WITH THE SCENT OF ARABY.

It keeps the skin free from  
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and supple in spite of wind  
or sun.

FREE FROM GREASE, it is  
rapidly absorbed by the skin,  
and does not promote the  
growth of down or superfluous  
hair.

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With Name of Nearest Agent,  
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EASTERN OIL absolutely removes lines,  
fills out hollows by bracing the relaxed muscles  
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treatment for double chins, which has never been  
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The Queen writes: "Mrs. Adair's Treatments  
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ANTISEPTIC ELECTROLYSIS for  
the removal of superfluous hairs—removal of  
broken veins, warts, moles, &c. Home Treat-  
ment for removing superfluous hair by the "Dara."

During the long hours of sleep the muscles  
become relaxed and the face falls out of shape  
unless supported by the PATENT GANESH  
CHIN STRAP. It is made of specially pre-  
pared ventilated elastic.

is soft, pliable, and  
light, holds the face in  
position during sleep,  
removes double chins,  
restores lost contour,  
takes away the line  
running from nose to  
chin, prevents snoring,  
21/6; stronger straps,  
25/6.

"Dear Madam—I feel  
I must write to tell you  
how truly grateful I am  
to you for the 'Chin  
Strap.' I had two  
deep lines at each side  
of my mouth; I have  
worn your strap nearly  
four months and now  
they can scarcely be seen."

PATENT GANESH FOREHEAD  
STRAP removes lines from forehead and  
corners of eyes, is good for neuralgia, 25/6.

"I fear Madam—Though I have only used your  
Ganesh Straps for a short time I am more than  
delighted with them."

"Dear Madam—I am thankful to say that the  
Ganesh Forehead Strap has cured the neuralgia  
from which I suffered for years. The lines on  
my forehead have now entirely disappeared."

GANESH EASTERN MUSCLE  
DEVELOPING OIL is as nearly as possible  
like the natural oil of the  
skin. It produces the muscles  
and feeds the tissues, will of  
itself remove lines, strengthen  
and give back life to the  
skin. 30/6, 21/6, 10/6, 5/6.

"Dear Madam—I have  
used your Oil for a very long  
time—nearly two years—and  
I find it more than excellent.  
I am trying to teach myself  
your face massage, and  
already my face is bracing  
up, and I haven't a line."

GANESH DIABLO  
SKIN TONIC, to be used  
instead of water, is a splendid  
wash for the eyes. No one  
should be without this face  
tonic, as it closes the pores,  
strengthens and whitens the  
skin. This tonic is also good  
for loose skins, and puffiness  
under the eyes. 21/6, 10/6,  
7/6, 5/6.

"Dear Madam—I should be glad if you would  
send me by return another bottle of Diablo Tonic.  
I find it simply wonderful for the complexion;  
it makes it so white and clear. I am delighted."

GANESH LILY LOTION (prescription  
of a well-known skin doctor), heals all skin  
irritations, is most soothing. Makes a perfectly  
safe liquid powder, will improve and whiten the  
skin. In three colours, pink, cream, and white.  
Is cooling and refreshing. 10/6, 7/6, 5/6.

"Dear Madam—The Lily Lotion is very nice.  
It makes the skin feel and look lovely. The  
only thing I am sorry for is that I did not send  
for a large bottle to begin with."

GANESH EASTERN CREAM can be  
used with or without the Oil, nourishes the  
tissues; cleans, clears, and makes the skin soft  
like satin. Contains a little of the Oil. When  
ordering, state whether skin is dry, greasy, or  
irritable. Made up to suit all skins, 10/6,  
6/6, 3/6.

"Dear Madam—The results of your Eastern  
Cream are wonderful, and I feel I can never be  
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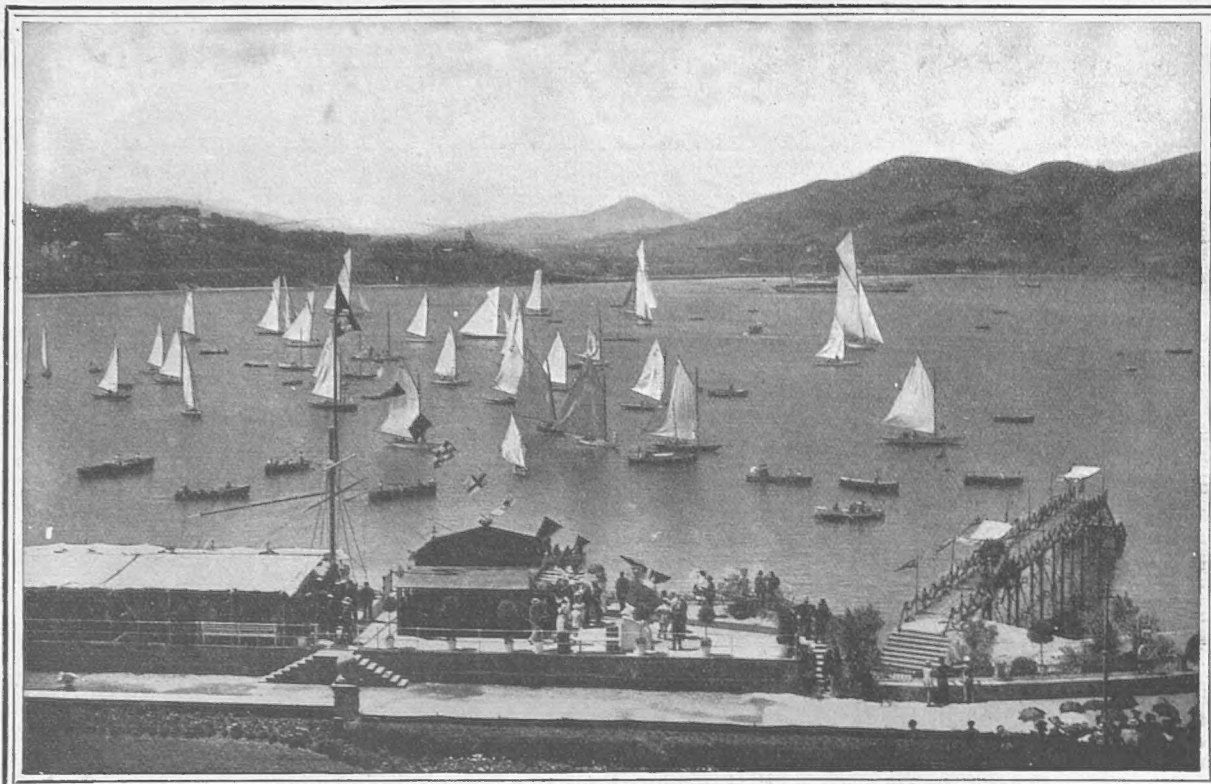
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